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ROSINA:

A NOVEL.

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# ROBIN A:

A NOVEL

IN FIVE VOLUMES

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BY THE AUTHOR OF DELIA

AND OTHER NOVELS

IN FIVE VOLUMES

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LAMBERT

AT THE

PRINTING

STATION, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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M DCCC XXXIII.



# ROSINA:

A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF DELIA,  
*AN INTERESTING TALE,*  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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LONDON:  
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M DCC XCIII.

THE HISTORY OF

ENGLAND

IN FIVE VOLUMES



LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BARNES, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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W. BARNES.

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# ROSINA.

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## CHAP. I.

### THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

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To leafless shrubs, see flow'ring palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

POPE.

**I**N a short time, the industry of Austin taught his garden to assume a different aspect. He had brought with him a large assortment of seeds and roots from Bristol : and as there were good fruit-trees in the garden, chiefly apples, plumbs, and cherries, that were run wild for want of pruning, he exerted his utmost diligence to reclaim them, and promised Rosina, that if the seasons should be favourable, she should have abundance of fine fruit the following year, and plenty of good vegetables too : “ For, though such kind of things

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B

were

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were quite out of his way, (as he said,) having never been employed in a kitchen garden, yet he know'd well enough how to manage them; and, thank God, he was not above putting his hand to any thing that was honest."

Rosina, in the meantime, had completely arranged the domestic economy of her cottage. Mrs. Jenkins had recommended her a servant, a decent young woman, who spoke Welsh and English, and officiated in the capacity of an interpreter, when such an office became necessary. Mrs. Jenkins had gone to a neighbouring town, and bought what furniture was necessary for the cottage. It was as plain as was consistent with decency; for Rosina perceived with surprize, that, exhausted by frequent disbursements, her finances began to run very low; and found that it was necessary to manage them with the most scrupulous economy. She had a cow and two goats.

"I protest, (said Austin, coming in one morning to Rosina,) I protest it would make your heart ach to see that poor brute of a jack-ass that was sold to Robin Roberts, when all the widow's little things went to pot. He comes every morning of his life and stands with the poor old snout of him thrust

thrust between the bars of the gate of the farm-yard there without, just for all the world as if the smell of this place revived his heart and did him good. He haunts me like a ghost; and his new master complains that he can't get no good of him. I believe in my conscience he would rather live here with us on dry stubble, than any where else on the finest of fodder; for what signifies dainties, if a body has not the heart to enjoy them."

"It would be a pity not to make him happy then, (said Rosina, whose heart overflowed with benevolence for every thing that was animated with the breath of life;) go and buy him from his master; he will be glad to part with him, if he can get no good of him, and we will add him to our little stock,—perhaps he may be useful to us."

"Aye, I dare say he will, (replied Austen, rubbing his hands for joy;) for there's a deal of good work left in his old bones still. His last master kept him to carry his greens to the market; but he was too great a sloven and a sluggard, to wear him out with hard usage: and I dare say I shall get a good pennyworth of him; for I'll go about the bush, d'ye see, and begin to grumble at Robin Roberts for not keeping him at home, and threaten



hard for to pound him the very next time I catches him coming sculking about here; and I'll tell how I catch'd him last night a-grazing in my paddock; and then I'll say, that as I have the loss of maintaining him, I may as well have any good that's to be got out of him as not; and so I'll offer him some trifle in a careless way."

"Well, (said Rosina,) manage the matter as you please. As the poor creature has so great an affection for this place, I should be glad to indulge him in it."

"How strong, (said Rosina to herself, when Austin had left her,) how strong are the ties which custom twines around our affections! Endearing remembrances can even attach them to local objects. This poor old brute retains some pleasing, though imperfect impressions of pleasures enjoyed in these pastures,—of those first smiling hours, perhaps, when, in the sportive gaiety of youth, he frolicked in these meadows, and cropped the flowery herbage!

"Thus, the slave of avarice, after ploughing distant and dangerous oceans; after descending to the



the gloomy mines, and ransacking nature for her hidden treasures ; after a toilsome life, spent in accumulating riches, recalled by the tender remembrances which still lie lurking at his heart, returns to his native home, to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Each tie of consanguinity has perhaps been broken, each tender union of friendship dissolved by time ; but the scenes still remain which once witnessed his juvenile felicity, and the sweet remembrance of departed pleasure. ‘ Like light still beaming from a sun that’s set,’—throws a softened illumination over the gloom of his old age.

“ O, Belle-vue, beloved retreat ! sweet scene of my infantine happiness ! blest Paradise, through which an angel seemed to guide my footsteps ! Ah, should the hour arrive, when I shall have survived my youth, when thy enchanting scenes, no longer enlightened by the presence of that angelic friend, who, the victim of time or of infirmity ———.”

“ Rosina burst into tears at the picture of her own imagination. The chain of thought was too afflictive to be pursued any farther. She snatched

up her harp, and flew into the garden. She played a lively air to dissipate her melancholy.

“ Ah, why, (said she,) why thus perversely anticipate misfortunes which, should they ever arrive, must arrive too soon. O, Hope, thou sweet enthusiast, come to my bosom. I will fondly nurse and cherish thee, were it but for her sake who bade me bind thee next my heart.”

“ Her soliloquies were interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Lewis, who had crossed the river from his own habitation, and was entering the garden by the little door that opened at the bottom of it. Rosina, pleased with this visit, laid aside her harp, and arose to meet and welcome him.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

## THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

AS Rosina was now become one of Mr. Lewis's parishioners, he considered it as his duty to visit her; and his mother, who was the widow of the late vicar, encouraged him in this intention; for, though this good lady, who traced her descent from the famous Owen Glendower, would have deemed it a derogation from her own dignity to have visited the daughter of a poor old gardener. Rosina's appearance and manner of life had, nevertheless, strongly interested her curiosity: and she hoped to have this secondary principle of her mind (for family pride was her first) gratified at second hand by the report of her son, in whom it could be no improper condescension to visit Rosina, as his office obliged him to notice even the meanest of his flock. He had however, deferred

his visit until he judged it could be received without inconvenience.

Parson Lewis was about five-and-twenty. His appearance was pleasing, his demeanour gentle, and his countenance benevolent. He had not much the air of the world, for he had been but little in it, but his conversation, though not much diversified, was engaging; for it was unaffected and sensible in general, and, where the occasion required it, it was affectionate and pious. He addressed Rosina with the friendly familiarity which he was accustomed to use with his other parishioners, and soon perceived, with surprise, that the elegance of her manners was superior even to that of her appearance.

They spoke only on the most indifferent subjects, the weather, the beauty of the adjacent country, the improvements made at the cottage. Lewis complimented Rosina on the alterations that had taken place, and the neatness of the garden.

“Next spring, (said Rosina,) I hope it will exhibit a very different aspect. Here we shall have a bed of ranunculuses, and here we have been

been preparing mould for our anemonies: we expect, too, to have some very fine hyacinths; for my father, who has been a gardener from his infancy, is a complete florist."

"I believe I see him coming," said Lewis.

Austin advanced through a cross-walk, settling his cravat, and tucking up his shirt, which was rather soiled, under his sleeves, as he came along.

"Your humble servant, Doctor, (said he, making his best bow;) I am proud to have the honour of seeing you in my little place."

Lewis returned his compliment with great courtesy.

"The day is very hot and sultry, (continued Austin,) and people's apt to be dry in this sweltry weather. May be, your Reverence would be pleased just for to step into the house, and take a glass of bottled beer. I have some extreme fine, and it is entirely at your Reverence's service."

Lewis thanked him, but said he never drank any thing before dinner.



"O, as to matter of drinking, (said Austin,) I am sure you don't, nor after it neither, that's quite another guess thing. But there can be no harm in taking a drink when a body's dry, if one was on their death-bed."

"None in the world, (Lewis said;) but he was not of a thirsty habit."

Austin, looking down at his own dress, began to apologize for it. He said, "he was in a sad pickle, to be sure, to appear before any gentleman; but I found this place in such a filthy condition, (continued he,) that I have been forced to flave like a horse, before I could get no good of it. But now, that I have ferretted the weeds out a little, I have been mixing compost for my flower-roots, and it is plaguy dirty work."

"Yet, (said Lewis,) if professions are to be valued on account of their antiquity, no one need be ashamed of that of a gardener."

"How so?" said Austin.

"Why, (replied Lewis,) may not all the kings and princes of the earth trace their origin from a gardener?"

"But



"But really!" said Austin in surprise.

"From Adam, surely," said Rosina.

"Well, that's very true, indeed, (said Austin.) Why could not my foolish head find that out! Aye, he was a gardener, sure enough, when there was some comfort in being a gardener. I warrant you he had neither blights nor blasts, nor frosts nor mildews: and where there were so many creatures of all kinds, he could never stand in want of manure. Though I am inclined to think that the ground, being fine maiden earth, did not require any; for where there was but one hand, (for you know what could Eve do, except water the plants a little,) it would have been too laborious to be obliged to spread dung, and the like, especially as I suppose there was no pitch-forks and shovels in them times; for where could they come from, without they were brought there by miracle."

The eyes of Rosina and Lewis met:—Rosina smiled, and turned her head aside."

"And may be they were, (continued Austin,) for nothing is impossible with God. I wonder,

(said Austen, after a pause,) was it Adam that invented the art of grafting?"

"That is a point, (said Lewis, smiling,) on which Scripture leaves us entirely in the dark."

"And to think, (said Austen,) that, though the garden was all full of brute beasts, they were so well trained and so gentle, that not any one of them would so much as trample on a flower-knot, I warrant you! O, it was a shocking thing of Eve to eat that cursed apple! If it had not been for that, we might have lived there to this very day. I should not wonder to hear, that peaches and nectarines grew to the size of a man's head there. Well, how the world is altered with us all. I can't help thinking of it, how proud people's grown now-a-days, though, as your Reverence was a-saying, what are they all but the off-sets, as it were, of a simple gardener! But it was not so formerly; for I have read in a little book called the Roman History, how kings and privy-counsellors, and great lords and generals, used to plough the ground with their own hands."

"Aye,

"Aye, and cook their victuals, too," said Rosina.

"And yet, (resumed Austin,) I'll engage, one of your mushroom-gentry, now-a-days, would think he demeaned himself very much, if he was only to handle a garden-trowel."

"Indeed, (said Lewis,) pride is become a very prevailing vice."

"But I warrant your Reverence gives them many a rub-up in the pulpit about it, (returned Austin.) O dear, O dear, (continued he,) I protest there's one of the goats a-nibbling at my young plants! O, they are sad mischievous animals, and make dreadful havock in a garden. I wonder, was there any of them in Paradise! They must be yoked together, and that's the short and the long of it."

When Austin went to put out the goat, Mr. Lewis asked Rosina whether she intended to remain long in Wales.

"Not very long, probably, (replied she :) my father's lease of this cottage will be expired in four years."

"Your

"Your father!" repeated Lewis, fixing his eyes on her.

Rosina blushed deeply; for, though the deceit she practised was innocent, yet still it was deceit, and as such, she felt that it was despicable.

Rosina, during this interview, had wished to suit her manners to her appearance, and adapt her conversation to the simplicity of her dress. Lewis, at his departure, could not recollect that she had uttered one single sentence inconsistent with the rank she appeared in; though the elegance and dignity of her manner convinced him that her birth was superior to it. He conceived, however, that if, as he felt himself strongly inclined to believe, Rosina had any motive for concealing her true name and quality, it would not be acting a generous or a friendly part, by divulging his own ideas on the subject, to excite suspicion, which she seemed sedulous to avoid. And therefore, when his mother questioned him on his return home, he gave her only such general answers as confirmed the tale which Mrs. Jenkins had already propagated in the neighbourhood.

But,

But as it happened, that crossing the river by the stepping-stones, and passing through Rosina's garden, shortened his way to the next village by at least a mile, he often took the liberty of making it his road; though, as he usually stopped to chat with Rosina, when he saw she was not otherwise engaged, he generally lost more time by this short way than he saved by it.

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## CHAP. III.

## THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THUS, an intimacy soon commenced between Lewis and Rosina. His conversation afforded her a pleasing relaxation, for he was the only person she had met with since her residence in Wales, with whom she could converse on any equal terms. Mrs. Jenkins, indeed, often visited her; and she received the good woman with pleasure, because she truly esteemed and regarded her. But to render conversation agreeable, something



more is essential to an elegant and cultivated mind like that of Rosina. In discoursing with people in Mrs. Jenkins's style of life, she felt as if she was striving to express herself in an unknown language: for, between minds in which education has instituted so great a disparity, there can be no reciprocation of idea, no similarity of thought, nor animating flow of vivacity. The sentiments of her good friend, like those of Austin, were often marked with rusticity, and sometimes debased by vulgarity: but she listened to them with seeming acquiescence; for the gentleness of her temper rendered her averse to opposition, even where it might be useful; and the goodness of her understanding convinced her, that superior intelligence, had she even the power of conferring it, would be a dangerous and fatal gift to those whose humble station in life precluded the enjoyment of enlightened society, and doomed them to an intercourse with their equals, whose manners would perpetually create disgust, and whose sentiments would often excite involuntary contempt.

In Mr. Lewis, Rosina found a companion of a different stamp. Though plain, simple, and unversed in the manners of the fashionable world, he possessed more true good sense and useful knowledge

ledge than many of those who think themselves - qualified to make a shining figure in it.

We ought not to omit acquainting our readers, that old Dickey, the jack-ass, was led home in triumph to his former dominions, to the great satisfaction of Austin, and no less to his own. Rosina met him at the gate of the farm-yard; and stroking his face with her white hand, received and bade him welcome.

But now, a new source of distress and anxiety began to disturb the calm which the bosom of Rosina was beginning to partake of. Five weeks had elapsed since her departure from Ireland, and no news had yet arrived from it. Every post-day a messenger was dispatched to the next town, in hope of his returning with a letter. Before he could have time to return, Rosina ascended the high precipice behind the house, and sat with her eyes intently fixed on the path by which her courier was to return. When she perceived him afar off, she descended to meet him with a hasty step and palpitating heart; and when disappointed in her expectation, she turned into the little thicket to hide her tears, and to conceal from Austin the gloomy solicitude of her soul.

One

One morning, however, as she watched the return of her messenger, from her observatory, she saw him advancing with a quicker step than usual; and she fancied, too, that the tune he whistled was in a livelier measure. Flushed with unusual hope, she flew to meet him. The boy held up the letter, to shew it to her, when he perceived her from afar. When she at last felt in her hands the letter she had so anxiously expected, and so ardently wished for, the tears of tenderness and joy that flowed from her eyes, deprived her, for an interval, of the power of reading it; and never was the impassioned billet-doux of a favoured lover perused with a fonder emotion of delight than the following epistle of Mr. Solomon Stringer, the parish-clerk. It was addressed to Owen Price, the name under which Austin had desired him to direct to him.

### THE LETTER.

FRIEND AUSTIN,

I HAVE received thy epistle.

Verily I rejoice in spirit and in truth, to be told of thy welfare.

Never-

Nevertheless strange bruits and rumours have gone abroad throughout the land, touching thy departure and the flight of the young damsel.

And there be not wanting those who wag their heads, and say in their malice,

“Lo, the old man hath taken unto him the young virgin. And she hath left the house of the lady of the manor, and the gold, and the silver, and the precious moveables, and costly raiment therein, for the love which she bare unto the old man.”

But the fire of the Lord shall consume the liar and the mischief-maker, and such as bear in their tongues the poison of the adder.

Albeit, the lady of the manor is exceedingly sorrowful, and ceaseth not to weep and to lament night and day, and to mourn, as it were, in sackcloth and in ashes, for the departure of the young damsel.

And she sendeth couriers throughout all the land, and promiseth rewards of silver and of gold unto

unto them that shall bring unto her glad tidings of the maiden.

But, behold, no glad tidings hath she yet obtained.

And when I hear these things, I hold my peace, and utter not a word; for the discourse of the fool is as the cackling of geese, but on the lips of the wise sitteth silence.

“A prating fool, (saith Solomon,) shall fall.” And furthermore, “A tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.”

And, behold, not many days are passed away since the son of the lord of the manor is returned from a far country.

And it came to pass, that the father of the young man arose and went forth to meet him and to welcome him; but the mother remained in her own home, for her heart was sorrowful on account of the departure of the young maiden.

Never-



Nevertheless, she prepared the robe and the ring, and killed the fatted calf, and rejoiced greatly at his return; for the youth is of fair and comely proportions, and goodly to behold.

His body is as a young tree that flourisheth in its season, and his eyes are like two lamps in the summit of a stately tower.

And the voice of feasting and of rejoicing hath been heard in the mansion of his father; and the noise of stringed instruments has resounded through the halls.

And the youth also hath made a mighty stir, and promiseth high reward and favour unto such as shall bring him tidings of the damsel.

Many there be that might be tempted by these rich offers; but for me, I will hold fast my integrity, which is more precious unto the wise man than treasures of silver, yea than talents of fine gold.

Wherefore, friend Austin, cast aside thy simplicity; for "milk is for children."

Get

Get wisdom, and put a bridle on thy tongue; for it shall be "health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones."

And if thou knowest aught of the young virgin that hath fled away, recommend unto her understanding; for, "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion."

My peace and the peace of the Lord be with thee.

Thine,

SOLOMON.

The letter thou didst enclose unto me was safely delivered unto the lady of the manor.—Seeing that this our correspondence is solely for thy advantage, methinks it would be discreet in thee to pay the postage of thy letters.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

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O, Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse thy pleasures only to destroy!

GOLDSMITH.

THOUGH one would not imagine, that the unnatural and affected style of Master Solomon was greatly calculated to move the passions, those of Rosina could not have been more agitated by the most elegant and pathetic composition. It spoke to her heart; it pictured the distress of her friend at her departure, her solicitude to discover her retreat, her vexation for the ill success of her efforts for this purpose, which even damped her  
satisf-

fatisfaction at the return of her long-absent, her beloved and only son. Solomon, it is true, gave only the outlines; but the vivid imagination of Rosina easily supplied all the lights and shadows which were requisite to render the piece unspeakably affecting and striking. In the first effusions of her sensibility, she wrote the following letter to her friend.

## THE LETTER.

YOUR sighs for the departure of your Rosina have reached her ears, and pierced her heart, even in this solitary and secluded cottage! The characters which conveyed to her these new instances of your tender remembrance have been a hundred times pressed to her lips;—they are still wet with her tears!

Why, too fervent and generous friend,—why those ineffectual efforts to discover a retreat in which I have nothing to disturb my serenity but the consciousness of the uneasiness I occasion you! Here, as I sit, whilst my own trees wave over me, and my own flowers bloom around me, I am rich, and I am happy. My peaceful cottage, mantled with green vines, empurpled with clustering grapes,  
and

and brightened by the cheerful sun-beams, is to my wishes a more desirable residence than the sumptuous palace, with all its ostentatious magnificence. How often have I seen the mansions of greatness inhabited by the wan spectres of discontent and solicitude; and, averting my eyes with disgust, have cast them downwards to the lowly cottage of the peasant, in quest of those lovely forms of social happiness, that holy union of innocence and peace, so refreshing to the spirits, and exhilarating to the soul.

Have you not taught me to perceive and to despise that generally-prevailing error which leads mankind to build their hopes of happiness on the opinion of others, instead of deriving it from its supreme source, the feelings of their own hearts. Not for himself does the proud man build his palaces, raise his enchanted shades, turn rivers from their channels, and extend his level lawns. Transport him, with his fairy creation, to some desert region,

“His splendors lessen, and his glories shrink!”

Were we to renounce this vain ambition of distinction, the voice of nature might again be  
 VOL. III. C heard.



heard. Charmed with her noble simplicity, we might once more learn to delight in those innocent and rural occupations which are congenial with the best affections of the heart. Like the children of the patriarchs, we might lead our flocks through peaceful and smiling pastures, and draw water to refresh them from the silver springs. Ah, who can behold those beautiful and affecting pictures of primitive happiness, so lovely in its simplicity, so enviable in its tranquillity, and maintain that mankind have not degenerated from the virtue of their ancestors.

Why will my dearest Hector, too, increase my regrets and repinings at the necessity that separates us, by his fruitless endeavours to discover my obscure recess. Let him remember that he is himself the arbiter of my destiny: let him remember that his pronouncing a few mystic words will break the talisman, and set me at liberty. O, my ever-dear and ever-valued friends, as the hart panteth for streams of living water, even so does the soul of your Rosina thirst for your society !

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ROSINA

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ROSINA had just finished her letter when Austin, who had been absent about some business, returned to the cottage. She gave him his friend Solomon's epistle to peruse.

"Well, (said he when he had read it,) didn't I tell you true, when I said what a fine letter he could pen? I protest it is as good as the bible. But he's a queer cogger for all that: and for all the fuss he keeps about fools and wise men, and keeping of secrets, I would not trust him a bit sooner than his neighbours, when a purse of money comed in his way; for he's as deep as a draw-well, and I promise you he'd put his finger in a man's eye as soon as another."

"By this account, Austin, (said Rosina, somewhat alarmed, he was a very bad person to entrust with our secret."

"O, as to matter of that, (returned Austin,) we're safe enough; for I took care to get a hank over him, as I told you I would. The very night before we left Belle-Vue, I made him take his

oath upon the church-bible, (because I thought he would have more respect for that than for a common prayer-book, you see,) that, come what would, he wouldn't on no account let no one know nothing in the world about neither of us. The old badger boggled a little at the first going off; but when I told him, how that if he didn't do every thing that I would have him for to do, I would put my bond forthwith into the lawyer's hands, and make an example of him. He made no more bones about the matter, but swore at a great rate without more ado. — So, you see, we are snug enough in that point."

Mr. Lewis persuaded his mother to visit Rosina, and to invite her to her house. The good lady saw nothing in Rosina's appearance or manners, to discredit the report which had been circulated in respect to her origin and education. On the contrary, the unaffected simplicity and modest gentleness of her demeanour were attributed to a consciousness of the meanness of her own descent.

"She is indeed a very decent girl, (said Mrs. Lewis,) and gives herself no kind of airs; for she has sense enough to know, that her having got an education

education by the wheel of fortune does not set her on a level with people that have high blood in their veins: so that, though it is plain she knows more than many that are better born, she never pretends to contradict or argue with any stiffness, well knowing that it becomes people of no birth to submit to their superiors. Indeed, she is very modest, and has a diffident manner that shews she has seen very little of high company,"

Mr. Lewis smiled at these observations, but replied not to them.

But, had the mind of Mrs. Lewis been enlarged by more extensive views of society than the little nook to which she had been confined by fate afforded her, she might have learned to derive the same effects from very opposite causes, and to perceive that humility, or at least its fictitious resemblance, is absolutely essential to politeness, and most frequently distinguishes persons of the highest rank and most liberal education. Humility is the parent of gentleness and courtesy; and where the mental mine affords not the true diamond, politeness supplies an artificial gem, which has all the apparent brilliancy of the real. We deny not that persons of rank are often vain of

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super-

superficial attainments, proud of their adventitious distinctions, and arrogant to those whom they regard as their inferiors; but we may pronounce with certainty, that when those qualities predominate in their manners, they are not polite.

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## C H A P. V.

## THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

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To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway.

GOLDSMITH.

THUS glided away the hours of Rosina in a serene obscurity. Blest with youth, with health, and a flow of animal spirits peculiarly good, with a strong perception of intellectual pleasure, and the glow of self-satisfaction, which the consciousness of innocence diffuses through the young mind



mind, there needed little to ensure the felicity of such a bosom, but to leave it to the peaceable possession of itself. Yet new sources of enjoyment seemed to open themselves to her mind; her existence seemed to derive a new charm from its variety, and ennui was precluded by continual occupation. Rosina could easily relinquish the luxury of opulence; but its neatness she could not dispense with. As her female attendant was inadequate to the task of maintaining in her little household the decency and regularity which she wished to preserve, she was often obliged to assist her. But these domestic employments were accompanied by no sentiment of degradation; on the contrary, her warm imagination soothed her with flattering ideas of heroic virtue, in this preference of an honourable poverty, to the servile shackles of dependence. She cast a retrospective view on those illustrious ages when honour, surrounded by the simple and modest virtues, loved to walk the sequestered vale of life, and glory threw a sacred radiance over the humble retreats of voluntary poverty. Curtius, when the ambassadors of the Samnites found him preparing vegetables for his dinner, Cincinnatus leaning on his plough, appeared to the unperturbed ideas of Rosina, objects more interesting, more awful, and more glorious,

than the insensate conqueror of the world returning in triumph to his country, followed by captive monarchs, and laden with the spoils of the vanquished. The glory of the proud Grecian seemed to resemble those artificial fires that play and glitter for an interval in the eyes of a giddy populace; whilst the Roman virtue shone on high, like some distinguished star, with a steady and serene magnificence, a permanent and unborrowed lustre that brightened the surrounding shades of indigence and obscurity.

Of such a stamp were the reflections of Rosina, whilst she inspected the economy of her little household, or plucked away the weeds in the garden, and assisted Austin in the cultivation of his flowers. Though she rose early, the hours were never tedious, for she knew how to vary and improve them, by mingling elegant amusement with useful occupation. Books, music, drawing, study, filled up every leisure interval of her time, and often made her regret its too-rapid flight. Her mind by degrees became more occupied by present objects, and less attached to the absent. Her friendship for Mrs. Fitzosborne was the leading principle of her mind: but, though absence seemed to increase her affection for that inestimable friend,  
her

her regrets at their separation became less poignant. The idea of becoming more worthy of the friendship of this beloved protectress, stripped study of its thorns, and stimulated her efforts to arrive at perfection in every liberal and elegant attainment. Winter approached, and its "glooms and horrors," though not congenial with the feelings of Rosina, were beheld by her without dismay; for she knew she should have less temptation to ramble and be idle, and leisure to pursue her studies with a severer industry.

Solomon, now that Rosina took care that all the letters addressed to him should go post-paid, became a very punctual correspondent; and Rosina had the satisfaction of hearing at least in general terms of the welfare of her friends.

Lewis, too, frequently visited her; and his pleasing conversation beguiled the tediousness of many a winter evening. Thus glided away the serene and innocent hours of our young cottager till spring, "sweet spring, with breath favonian!" returned to fertilize and embellish her little territory.

## CHAP. VI.

## THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy fire,  
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!  
Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
And swelling buds are crown'd.

MRS. BARBAULD,

**T**HOSE who have never passed the heavy hours of winter in the country, who have never listened to the howling blasts and beating rains of the nocturnal tempest amidst the unsocial dreariness of a solitary confinement, nor, day after day, been fated with the same unvarying, dazzling, tiresome waste of snow, can scarcely conceive with what rapture this delightful visitant is received and welcomed

welcomed by the lonely recluse. Every trifling circumstance that proclaims her arrival, becomes an object of interest,—the bursting bud, the expanding blossom, the violet peeping through its green foliage, the crocusses, when bursting from the lingering snows,—they embroider the borders with purple and gold.

The juvenile gaiety of childhood, that first sweet spring of nature, seemed to be restored to Rosina. “Methinks, (said she, as she rambled over the adjacent mountains, and skipped from cliff to cliff,) methinks I feel as if the returning sun had called me into a new state of existence, like the flowers that bloom around me. O, Nature, benevolent mother of mankind, source of innocent delight, parent of pleasures no less inexhaustible than pure! Why will not thy perverse and wayward offspring learn to content themselves with the precious gifts thou conferest! Thine are the sweet verdure of the spring, the radiance of the summer sky, the glowing landscapes of autumn, all that is beautiful, all that is sublime. Why then descending from the face of day, why will they plunge into thy dark and secret recesses, in search of treasures to which their own capricious fancies have affixed an imaginary valuation!”



Such were often the solitary soliloquies of Rosina; and such, doubtless, are often the reflections of every young and fervid imagination.

There is, however, no state of life exempt from vexation. This is the most trite of all observations, and it is natural that it should be so; for men will speak from their experience; and what is constantly felt will be constantly repeated.

Rosina had fallen into an error common to all those who are unaccustomed to laying out money, that of imagining it will reach much farther than on experience it is found to do. She had fancied that in the plain and frugal manner in which she had determined to regulate, and to provide for her little household, it would be long ere she could spend so large a sum as she had brought with her from Ireland; but now, on examining the state of her finances, she was almost persuaded to believe that her riches had, literally speaking, made themselves wings and flown away: and, had she not kept a regular account of her disbursements, she could scarcely have been persuaded, that some of her money had not been lost, when she found she had but fifty guineas remaining in her purse. Indeed, when we consider that she had incurred the  
expences

expences of a long journey, purchased a farm, and stocked it, furnished a house, and maintained a family for seven months, and had consecrated, besides, a very large tythe of her little pittance to the purposes of benevolence, we shall be more inclined to give her credit for economy, than to censure her for prodigality. However, she very plainly foresaw that her little stock could not support her much longer; and she set herself to reflect seriously on ways and means to increase it. Some of her domestic expences she had determined to retrench; but these were so few and so trifling, that they could be of little effect: and any application for a supply to Mrs. Fitzosborne, would infallibly discover the secret of her retreat, and by that means render her flight from Ireland ineffectual.

One morning, whilst her thoughts were busily engaged on this subject, she was interrupted by a visit from her good neighbour, Mrs. Lewis. Their conversation turned, as usual, on economic subjects. Rosina, with great pride of heart, exhibited divers hanks of yarn, which her hand-maiden had spun for her during the leisure of the long winter evenings, and consulted her friend in respect to the best method of having them woven into diaper for table-linen. Mrs. Lewis was then ushered into the

the dairy, and from thence into the garden. She was profuse in her commendations on Rosina's good housewifery, and gave Austin no less praise for the neatness of his garden, and the beauty of his flowers.

"You have a deal of good garden stuff here, (said Mrs. Lewis;) what do you mean to do with it all?"

"If we have more than sufficient for our own family, (replied Rosina,) I dare say some of our neighbours will willingly accept of the over-plus."

"A fine story, indeed, (said Mrs. Lewis,) that your poor old father should be toiling and labouring to support a parcel of lazy, idle drones! If they want vegetables, let them cultivate them for themselves: fitter for him to load that lazy brute of an ass with them, and drive him off before him to the next market-town, as the man that lived here before him used to do: and a very pretty penny he might have made of this garden, I promise you, if it had not been for his own idleness."

Rosina,

Rosina, who was really much pleased with this hint, thanked Mrs. Lewis for it, and said she would propose this scheme to her father.

“ But, (said Mrs. Lewis,) you have shewed me none of your own work; and I dare say you are too notable and discreet to have been idle all the winter.”

Rosina replied, that the management of her domestic affairs occupied a considerable portion of her time, and that, when she had any leisure, she wished to devote it to reading.

Mrs. Lewis shook her head.—“ And what books, (said she,) do you usually read?”

Rosina replied, that history and poetry were her favourite studies, varied at intervals with those elegant and instructive moral writings which abound in the present age.”

“ Between you and me, then (returned Mrs. Lewis,) I think you might employ your time to a great deal better purpose. Not but that I think it was an advantage to you to be taught to read and write; for people in all stations of life should know  
how

how to read the Bible and the Whole Duty of Man. But as to the rest, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, except some excellent books of cookery, and the Family Physician, which no woman should ever be without. My son, indeed, used to read history books to me sometimes in the winter nights; but I don't see what great improvement there can be in knowing what people did two or three thousand years ago, and the cruelties they exercised, that are enough to make one's hair stand on end. And besides, they have all of them such hard out-of-the-way names, that I never could tell which was which, or distinguish one of them from the other. Then, as to your poetry books, they are all little better than mere nonsense: not that I'm so strict as not to like a good song as well as another: but there's Pope's Rape of the Lock, for instance, that you'll hear people cry up so wonderfully, what a deal of stuff he spins you out of a mere nothing, all about a lock of hair that was cut off a young gentlewoman's head. A hundred locks may be cut and reaped, and people don't think it worth their while to trouble their heads with such fooleries. Then he brings in spirits and fairies, and a hundred other improbable whim-whams; but, for my own part, as I say to my son, I would fain see where the moral lies.

However,



However, though these poetry books are foolish enough, they are not half so bad as your romance books, like Pamela there, shewing how low creatures may be married to great lords, and men of fortune; and if it should come in your way, I charge you not to read it: there's no answering for what strange vagaries it might put into your head."

Rosina, who was no violent admirer of Richardson's first heroine, very readily promised Mrs. Lewis to obey her injunctions.

"Nothing can be more pernicious to young people than stuff of this kind, (continued Mrs. Lewis;) and if the authors of them were all hanged, it would be no loss to society."

"That, (said Rosina, smiling,) would be rather a severe destiny."

"Not much worse than they deserve, (returned Mrs. Lewis;) for, even when they do represent worthy characters sometimes, how do they serve them? Why, torment and persecute them with all manner of afflictions from one end of the book to the other, and very often kill them outright by  
the

the mere dint of hard usage. Now, I think there's something so malevolent and ill-natured in creating, as it were, a parcel of beings, for no other purpose that we can see upon the face of the earth, but that of heaping misfortune upon misfortune, and making them die of broken hearts, that it is downright inhuman and barbarous."

"Indeed, (said Rosina,) I join with you in thinking that novels should by no means be the first books which are put into the hands of young people; but when the mind has been prepared by previous instruction, many of them, I should imagine, might be read without danger, and many with advantage."

"Advantage! (repeated Mrs. Lewis. I can't for my life see what advantage any one can receive from reading long strings of nonsense, without one word of truth from beginning to end of them."

"That, (returned Rosina,) which is not offered with an intention to deceive, cannot, with justice, be accused of falsehood. Whilst we gaze with admiration on a fine painting, we become almost unconscious that, like Narcissus, we are enamoured of a shadow. And, was it not in compassion to  
the

the dreary track, which the wisdom of Providence has destined us to tread, that his benevolence mingled with our frame this happy credulity, this fond propensity to derive real felicity from imaginary sources. Ah, if a niggard and unpropitious star presided at my nativity! if fortune has strewed my path with thorns and thistles, am I to be censured if I sometimes step aside into the inviting labyrinths of fiction, to recruit my exhausted spirits, and retrieve my peace; to gather the fruits of unbought experience, and the tender blooms of visionary joy. In this congenial region, every sublime virtue, every noble talent, every tender affection, that exalts and dignifies humanity, seems to expand itself: and is it possible for a young and susceptible mind to behold the form of virtue perpetually displayed in the most lovely and engaging lights, without feeling an ambition to assimilate with the object of its passionate admiration. Our castle builders have dungeons for the vicious, as well as Elysian gardens for the virtuous. Our favourite characters, it is true, are sometimes persecuted even to the end, by adversity, and in such cases could not be truly represented were it otherwise; but even when they sink under accumulated calamities, the severity of their destiny is softened by so many alleviating circumstances, such ennobling sentiments of

of sympathy and admiration, that even in death they conquer; and such wreaths of immortal honour hover over the unspotted martyrs, that the world and all its evanescent glories seem to shrink into annihilation; and our hearts retain a deep impression, that the most poignant sufferings of virtue are more enviable than the proudest exultations of triumphant vice."

Rosina, who, like most other girls of sensibility, had no aversion to novels, had forgotten her usual circumspection and for once had suffered herself to be led away by the warmth of her feelings, without once adverting to the character of the person to whom she addressed herself: and Mrs. Lewis, who beheld with surprise the animation that sparkled in her eyes as she spoke, looked as if she suspected her intellects of being a little deranged.

"At any rate, (said the good lady,) it is all mere imagination; and I think it is the silliest thing in this world to ~~be~~ crying, and piping, and fretting themselves at ~~that~~ which they know well enough, all the time, has not one word of truth in it; the more especially, because, if people have a mind to be sorrowful, they may generally find something to cry at, without fishing it out of romance

mance books. If you would take my advice, you would get yourself a stocking to knit, or something in that way; for it is nothing in the world but idleness, and not knowing what else to do with their time, that makes any one look into such trash."

"Indeed, (said Rosina, smiling,) I believe that motive is in general very prevalent, both with the readers and writers of novels. But, to convince you I have not been entirely idle, if you will return with me to the house, I will shew you some of my work."

When they reached the house, Rosina exhibited to Mrs. Lewis some very elegant landscapes and flower-pieces, which she had amused herself in painting during the winter.

"Why, yes, (said Mrs. Lewis,) these are very pretty, if there was any use in them. But accomplishments of this kind are quite out of your sphere of life: and, in my opinion, the lady that brought you up, would have acted a wiser part, and done you better service, if she had apprenticed you to some good trade or other. Not but abundance of  
people



people make a very decent livelihood by gowgaws of this kind; and if you were to paint some shawls and ribbons, and things of that sort, it is very possible I might be able to dispose of them to good advantage for you; for now, that the weather is coming in fine, I shall go about visiting a good deal among the neighbouring gentry."

Rosina thanked Mrs. Lewis for her advice; and the low state of her finances determined her to profit by it without delay. Mrs. Lewis offered to get whatever materials she might have occasion for purchased for her: and as soon as Rosina received them, she set about her work with great alacrity and assiduity.

We will not, however, aver, that our young heroine was altogether a philosopher; that no sentiment of regret ever mingled itself with this avocation; that no sigh ever escaped from her bosom, on contrasting her former situation with her present.

"Yet why, (said she,) should I regret a fate which is the lot of millions! a fate, too, which I have adopted from choice, not impelled by necessity.

sity. If I regret the shackles I have relinquished, why not resume them? Or if those shackles are detestable, have I not another alternative? Are not the arms of my friend open to receive me? Is she not ready to quit for me a husband, beneath whose roof she can afford me no peaceful asylum? Shall I then repine at an obscurity which my soul prefers to a hateful dependence, or to the painful consciousness of having seduced from her duty the friend most loved and valued? Away, then, ye vain regrets! Welcome, honest industry and honourable poverty! Self-satisfied, self-supported, and independent, I am free,—and shall I not be happy!”

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

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See some strange blessing every state attend,  
And pride, bestowed on all, a common friend.

POPE.

ROSINA mentioned to AUSTIN the plan which Mrs. Lewis had chalked out for him, in respect to turning his garden to account. The blood mounted to his cheeks at this proposal; and he replied with an air of mingled pique and mortification, that, "to be sure, as the garden and every thing in it was her's, she had a right to make what use she pleased of them; but as to the matter  
of

of his driving a jack-ass to market, though, thank God, he was not proud, and would be willing to turn his hand to any thing, yet it must needs look very comical if any of his old acquaintance should meet him, that had always been a head gardener in the families of topping gentlemen, driving an ass with a pair of panniers on before him. They must think the world was come very low with him, indeed !”

Rosina smiled to see that the vanity of self-consequence is as predominant a passion in the bosom of the peasant, as in that of the peer.

“ Far be it from me, my worthy friend, (said she,) to wish you to do any thing that could hurt the feelings of your heart. I never meant that you should yourself have the fatigue of driving the ass to market ; but I should think we might contrive to hire some honest person for that purpose ; and for my own part, Austen, I have been taught to think, that there can be nothing degrading in the exertions of necessary industry. See, (said she, pointing to her work,) I have not been idle. Mrs. Lewis has been so good as to promise to sell these things for me ; for, to acknowledge

the truth, Austin, my cash is running rather low."

Austin turned from Rosina, and went to the door without speaking. Fearful of having displeased, she followed him, and beheld the big drops rolling down his white beard.

"My dear Austin, my worthiest friend, (said Rosina,) why are you thus affected? If I have said any thing to hurt you ———."

"O, no, no, (said Austin, sobbing,) it is not that; but how can I help it, to see your father's daughter reduced to such a pass, as to live by the work of her own hands, and to think, that all the time I have money lying by me, not doing a farthing's worth of good to myself, nor to any body else! and then, that I should have the foolish pride in me, to be ashamed of going to market with the ass, while you are sitting here, working your fingers to the bone to maintain me!"

A very affecting scene took place between Rosina and her old friend.

The



The next morning, Austin, without having mentioned a word of the matter, arose before sunrise; and, having borrowed a pair of panniers, stuffed them well with vegetables, and loaded his ass. Rosina, at her rising, found him ready to depart. He bade her good morning with a gay and cheerful smile, and drove Dickey out of the farm-yard before him, with that air of contented self-complacency which, in a good mind, naturally results from the consciousness of having triumphed over some little passion or unworthy prejudice.

Thus passed away the hours of Rosina, and such was her situation at the æra when we first introduced her to the acquaintance of our readers.

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C H A P. VIII.OCCURRENCES AT THE COTTAGE.

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Unlike the dames of modern days,  
Who general homage claim,  
Who court the universal gaze,  
And pant for public fame.

ROSINA gave Lord Raymond no more than a very cursory account of many of the circumstances here related at large, and passed the greatest part of them over in total silence. She had repeated nothing but what appeared necessary to the vindication of her own conduct, and its justification in the opinion of a person for whose esteem she could not forbear still feeling a very strong solicitude. Since her first acquaintance with

with Lord Raymond, more than two years had elapsed; and as, in that interval, she had had sufficient opportunities to remark the gallantries in which men of fashion, without scruple, indulge themselves, his conduct in respect to her no longer appeared in the very criminal light in which she had once beheld it; and she was now more inclined to censure her own vanity and ignorance of the world, in so readily misconstruing a little frivolous gallantry into a serious attachment.

“ And now, (said Rosina to Lord Raymond, when she had finished her story,) can you censure me for having thrown off a dependence embittered by insult and reproach, and sought a refuge from the “proud man’s contumely,” in the bosom of this peaceful retirement? Dear mansion! (she cried, turning towards the cottage,) sweet scene of innocence and peace! From the moment I crossed thy threshold, content and joy seemed to be restored to my agitated bosom.”

“ Rosina, (cried Lord Raymond,) you astonish and enchant me! How I admire the greatness of your soul! How I revere the philosophic dignity of your sentiments!”

“ Hold, hold, my Lord, (said Rosina, smiling,) you forget you address yourself to a simple cottager. Consider how many months I have been accustomed to listen only to the artless language of sincerity. These flights are quite too elevated for my present situation. But our conference has already lasted too long. I must insist on your retiring instantly; and I must also entreat that this may be the last time of your attempting to see me alone.”

“ But why so severe an injunction? (said Lord Raymond.) Why will you deny me almost the only satisfaction which this solitary corner of the world can afford me? What ill consequence could possibly result from your allowing me the happiness of sometimes seeing and conversing with you?”

“ A very ill consequence, (returned Rosina;) it would involve me in censure.”

“ How weak an argument! (said Lord Raymond.) When secure in conscious rectitude, shall we not despise the pointless arrows of undeserved reproach? Is not so groundless an apprehension utterly inconsistent with the nobleness of mind, and steadiness of resolution, of which, in other instances, your conduct has evinced you so capable.”

“ Where

"Where I was conscious that censure was unmerited, (returned Rosina,) I would endeavour to support it with fortitude; but that reproach can never be undeserved which is voluntarily and unnecessarily incurred. And I am persuaded, that there is more true nobleness of mind in yielding to punctilios established by custom, than in insolently presuming to set the opinions of the world at defiance."

"You will, however, allow me to say," replied Lord Raymond, ———

"No, no, (interrupted Rosina, with an air of vivacity,) I will allow you to say nothing more, either on this subject or on any other. On this point I am already absolutely determined, and am therefore unwilling your eloquence should be thrown away. Besides, I am really uneasy at the length of your visit, and must insist on your leaving me immediately."

Perceiving that she was exceedingly distressed at his stay, he at length reluctantly departed.

But, whatever exterior indications of admiration he might have thought it necessary to exhibit du-



ring the course of this interview, and whatever encomiums he might have deemed himself obliged to lavish on Rosina's sensibility, delicacy, and fortitude, he would have been much better satisfied to have found her divested of qualities which he regarded as the nonsensical effusions of a romantic imagination, and in which he feared he should find formidable obstacles to a design which every interview with Rosina rendered more dear to his wishes. On every account, he perceived it was necessary to proceed with the utmost circumspection;—to alarm her virtue, would have been to place her beyond his hopes for ever. He perceived, to his infinite mortification, that, far from having forfeited the favour of her benefactress by misconduct, she was, if possible, higher than ever in her estimation; and that, should any emergency oblige her to apply to Mrs. Fitzosborne for assistance, she would fly to her the moment she was informed of the place of her retreat.

Influenced by these considerations, he determined to repress his feelings, and refrain from any of those warm expressions of admiration which might alarm Rosina's delicacy. In her little tale, she had laid her heart open to his view: pride and gratitude, he remarked, were its predominant passions ;

sions; and his policy dictated to him, that to interest the latter, without alarming the former, would be the most certain means of ensuring success. He therefore determined to conceal the lover, for a time at least, under the mask of the sincere and disinterested friend.

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CHAP. IX.

THE DUPLICITY OF A COURTIER.

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Damask buds the rose adorn.  
But beneath 'em lurks the thorn:  
Fair and flowery is the brake,  
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

SHENSTONE.

**L**ORD RAYMOND returned home; and in the evening Sir Gregory proposed to him another walk to the cottage, to which his lordship consented, in pure indulgence to the passion of his friend.

"It is fitting, (said the baronet, as they walked along,) it is fitting that I should see a little farther into this here matter, before I go too far to get off again. There's no good in being in a hurry:—people should always look before they leap."

"Very true, (replied Lord Raymond, who, for his own reasons, wished to protract Sir Gregory's matrimonial negociations,) you decide on this point with your usual good sense; for on a matter of so much importance, you cannot possibly take too much time to deliberate."

"Whew! (returned Sir Gregory, pursing up his lips into a whistling posture,) that's saying quite too much; for at that rate, I might go on deliberating, and ruminating, and splitting my brains with thinking, to the end of my life; and at the winding up of the bottom, what should I be the better for it? Besides, it's twenty to one but somebody else would snap up the girl in the mean time. No, no,—that would never answer for a man at my time of life: and to tell you the truth, I always found it the best way, in making all sorts of bargains, to strike while the iron's hot."

"You

" You certainly display much knowledge of the world in this observation, (returned Lord Raymond with great gravity;) but if you will allow me to pursue your metaphor, I think you should at least delay to strike until the metal you have to work upon is in a condition to receive the impression you wish to give it. To speak more plainly, I think it would be expedient to endeavour to worm and soften the heart of our fair cottager by your assiduities, before you make any application to her father."

" Why to be sure, (replied Sir Gregory,) there can be no hurt in striving to make myself a little agreeable to the girl before I proceed to extremities. Not, indeed, that I know much about them sort of things: however, I am not too old to try my hand:—better late than never."

On their arrival at the cottage, Sir Gregory had, as usual, abundance of consultation with old Austin, in respect to the shrubs and flowers, but still remained undecided in his choice. He contrived, however, to find some opportunities of *trying his hand at making himself agreeable to Rosina*, as he expressed it, and gave her many kind

glances, some jocular chucks under the chin, and divers tender squeezes.

These familiarities extremely displeased and disgusted Rosina. She turned from him, and walked towards the house. Lord Raymond followed her.

"That's a strange old man, (said Rosina;) if he wants shrubs or flowers, why does he not buy them? There is something very odd in his manner."

Lord Raymond smiled.

"I fancy he is a little intoxicated," said Rosina.

"I think he is (replied Lord Raymond) more than a little."

He did not chuse to be more explicit on the subject, apprehensive lest Rosina's cruelty might too suddenly extinguish the passion of the good baronet, which, as it was the only means that presented itself, of opening to him an unsuspected intercourse with her, it was greatly his wish to encourage.

"I wish



" I wish (said Rosina) he would not come here any more."

" If his visits are disagreeable to you, (replied Lord Raymond,) you must lay the blame at my door; for I confess I have encouraged him to make them."

" And with what view did you encourage him to come here tormenting us?" said Rosina.

" With a very selfish one, I acknowledge, (returned Lord Raymond;) but it is your own severe injunctions which oblige me to have recourse to this artifice. You have commanded me positively not to attempt seeing you alone, which would be equivalent to not seeing you at all, had not my good angel sent this Sir Gregory to my assistance."

" And suppose we were to meet no more, my Lord, (said Rosina with some gravity,) of what consequence would it be to either of us?"

" I confess, Miss Mortimer, (returned Lord Raymond,) to me it would be of consequence, though I am not so presuming as to suppose it could be of the smallest to you."

" Indeed,

“ Indeed, (said Rosina,) situated as we both are at present,) I think it could not.”

“ Yet you cannot wonder (resumed his Lordship) that the benevolence inherent in every good mind should render your situation highly interesting to my feelings; but when to this you superadd our former intimacy, and my connexions with the family by which you have been reared and protected, you cannot be surprisid if I should feel your welfare of consequence to my peace. But I confess I have another motive, which, though you may be inclined to ridicule it as whimsical, has operated strongly on my mind, even from the first hour I had the happiness of seeing you.”

Rosina listened with encreased attention.

“ I had a sister, (continued Lord Raymond, with an air of tender concern,) who, had Heaven been pleased to spare her to her friends, would at this time have been about your age. You may recollect I was in mourning for her when you were in London. Your youth, your gaiety, your elegance and beauty, continually reminded me of the perfections of my lost Harriet, and bound you to my bosom by a species of sympathy, as delightful

as it is inexplicable. You might have observed, that, from the first hour of our acquaintance, I considered you with the fondness of a brother. But perhaps (continued he, fixing his eyes earnestly on Rosina as he spoke,) perhaps these tender emotions escaped your observation, or have slipped your memory?"

"No, (said Rosina, blushing excessively,) I remember I perceived, — that is — I imagined that ———." She stopped abruptly.

"Can you then wonder (resumed Lord Raymond) that these endearing sympathies and ardent wishes for your happiness should return with augmented ardour to my bosom, on thus finding you in a situation so very improper for a young lady of your rank and expectations? A situation, (you will forgive me if I speak my sentiments with candour,) which, I fear, a zeal too fervently romantic has led you to embrace."

"How! (said Rosina,) would you have advised me to remain in the house of a man, by whom I was treated with such insufferable indignity? What alternative had I to adopt? except another still more improper, that of breaking the bonds of family

mily union, and separating a wife from her husband. Had Mrs. Fitzosborne yielded to my entreaties; had she permitted me to leave her house, and to take refuge in that of some friend, where, though in some degree separated from her, I might have still enjoyed her countenance and protection, I would most willingly have embraced the medium. But when a generosity too extravagant would have seduced her from the paths of propriety and duty, what could I do less than withdraw from her partiality the object to whom it would have made such dangerous sacrifices."

"Your motives (replied Lord Raymond) were too noble to require vindication: yet, when you consider all the disagreeable consequences which may result from this elopement, the improper appearance it must assume to the world, the unpleasant circumstances it may in future produce, you will join me in regretting it as rather premature."

"Alas! (said Rosina, dissolving in tears,) what purpose would be answered by my regrets for a step which cannot be recalled!"

"O, dry these tears, (said Lord Raymond.) I can almost hate myself for having occasioned you  
a mo-

a moment's uneasiness; but attribute what I have said to the zeal of a friendship which would do much, very much to make you happy. There is nothing I would not undertake for the preservation of your peace and honour; and if you think that such an intervention can in the least degree contribute to your advantage, I will most willingly undertake a journey to Ireland, to negotiate a reconciliation with your friends."

"O, my Lord, (said Rosina with great emotion,) this is too much, thus to interest yourself in the fate of a stranger. I have no words to express my gratitude for this generous proposal! But what end could possibly be answered by such a voyage? With Mrs. Fitzosborne no negotiation is requisite. I am already possessed of her whole heart: one single line from my hand would be more effectual than a thousand couriers. Nay, when at any period my situation becomes improper or disagreeable, what have I to do but to return to Ireland, and throw myself into her arms. You have filled me with a thousand disquietudes and alarms. If the course I have pursued has been so very imprudent; if I have been guilty of so great an error, in renouncing the protection of my friend, does not every hour that I continue to absent myself  
from



from her guardianship aggravate the offence? Advise me, then: ought I to resolve to return to Ireland immediately? O, with what joyful alacrity should I prepare for my departure! The resentment that banished me to this retreat seems almost to have faded from my mind, whilst every hour gives additional fervour to my tenderness for Mrs. Fitzosborne, and my impatience to see her son, that amiable young Hector, that beloved companion of my childhood, whose departure cost me such floods of tears."

A keen and painful sensation darted through the bosom of Lord Raymond, whilst Rosina thus artlessly expressed her tender attachment to young Fitzosborne.

"It is not easy, (said he, after a pause,) for our sex to enter very deeply into the feelings of your's. To conceive those keen and quick sensations which vibrate in the female bosom, our organs must be as delicate, our nerves as nicely strung as your own. But I can easily imagine, that the pride of injured and offended delicacy must be the most poignant and powerful feeling that can actuate a noble female heart. To what heights of heroic virtue this principle can exalt the breasts that feel  
its

its animating influence, you, Miss Mortimer, are a fair and striking example. For this you left the country which you have so long been taught to consider as your own, whilst all the allurements of ambition, and all the powerful eloquence of friendship pleaded in vain to detain you: for this, you prefer lowliness to splendor, and the simple occupations, and tender domestic duties of rural life, to the pageants of courts, and the bewitching strains of adulation. Worldly prudence will cry aloud against your election. Yet a voice from within seems to whisper that there is something great and awful in the power, whose inspirations have endued you with more than feminine fortitude: and I regard the sacrifices you have made to this mysterious deity, this wonder-working sensibility, this favourite idol of your sex, with the same sensations of pious veneration with which I should have contemplated the altars which the ancient Athenians erected to the unknown Divinity.

“What then shall I say? Shall I presume to aver, that a principle which I feel almost inclined to adore, can have misguided your steps? Is not my own judgment fallible? Far, perhaps, more fallible than your’s. Shall I prescribe rules for the conduct of others, who so frequently find myself unequal to the task of regulating my own.

Oh,

Oh, my lovely friend, my sweetest Rosina, I feel myself no less your inferior in wisdom than in goodness. Whilst the children of ambition, (continued the deceiver, who scrupled not to profane things holy, by embellishing his artful harangues with the flowers of sacred eloquence,) whilst the children of ambition walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet themselves in vain, your steps are guided by the genuine radiance of unperverted reason; you 'walk with nature, and her paths are peace.'

"Peace! (repeated Rosina, in whose bosom the former part of his conversation had excited an agitation which all his studied encomiums wanted power to calm.) Ah! who shall hope for peace that err from rectitude and propriety!"

"And who has dared to assert that you have erred from rectitude or propriety?" said Lord Raymond.

"If you have not said so much, I think you have at least inferred it, (said Rosina :) but no matter. I receive your reproofs with gratitude, I consider them as the strongest testimonies of your esteem. Let me then share the privileges of that sister on whose account you profess to feel some partiality for me. Your strictures on my conduct  
may

may sometimes wound my pride; but whilst I regard them as the evidences of your friendship, the pain will be more than compensated by the pleasure."

She raised her eyes to him as she spoke with a sweet and ingenuous smile of mingled gratitude and sensibility.

How callous to every worthy feeling of humanity must be the bosom which can resist the charms of this amiable candour, this unsuspicious confidence! One would imagine it might disarm the assassin of his poignard; for how doubly accursed must be the wretch who could deceive the fond credulity of tender reliance, violate every obligation that generosity holds sacred, and stab the heart that reposes itself on his fidelity! Yet such was the blow which Lord Raymond meditated for the bosom of Rosina.

Sir Gregory, who found less amusement in attending to Austin's botanical disquisitions, than in ogling his supposed daughter, interrupted Lord Raymond's conversation with Rosina. When the two gentlemen had staid as long as they could with decency, they took their leave and departed.

C H A P.

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## CHAP. X.

### THE NARRATIVE.

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#### FEMALE CREDULITY.

**H**AD Lord Raymond been addicted to superstitious terrors, he might that night have been apprehensive of being hag-ridden by the sprite of his departed sister, whose shade he had conjured from the regions of death to aid the purposes of his dissimulation. The resemblance, which he had averred this fair defunct had borne to Rosina, was entirely of his own coinage, and all the graces with which he had thought proper to embellish her portrait were no less ideal. In reality, far from feeling one emotion of fraternal affliction on account of the decease of this favourite sister, it



was an event peculiarly flattering to his views, by promising to secure to him the undivided possessions of his father; and, though we cannot accuse him of being at that period of his life a slave to avarice, he loved pleasure too passionately to be indifferent to the means by which alone his favourite gratifications were to be obtained. But, in pursuance of the plan he had formed to ingratiate himself into Rosina's confidence, by possessing himself of her esteem, and lulling her apprehensions into security, he had, with admirable ingenuity and presence of mind, hit on the expedient of attributing those assiduities which he had formerly paid to her, and which he was very fearful she might impute to an empty and superficial gallantry, to a motive which he thought calculated to raise his character in her estimation, by impressing her with an idea of the tenderness of his feelings. Nor will it be supposed that he was more sincere in his wishes that she should return to Ireland, and his offers of mediation between her and Mrs. Fitzosborne. These offers had, indeed, fully answered the end he had proposed to himself in making them, that of persuading Rosina of the generosity of his sentiments and the fervor of his zeal in her service; for, in the simplicity

city of her heart, she had believed every thing to which he wished her to give credit.

“And so (said she, when she found herself alone) Lord Raymond only paid a tribute of fraternal affection to the memory of a sister fondly beloved, at the moment when my childish vanity so widely misconstrued his sentiments; and the languor and sensibility I have so often remarked in his eyes, and the melting tenderness of his accents, were entirely the offspring of this brotherly regret, whilst I absurdly imputed them to a cause so different. Well, if I suffered for my folly, was not the punishment merited? I wonder he never before mentioned to me this beloved lamented sister,—but the most rooted sorrow is that which despises complaint, and finds a luxury in brooding over its afflictions in an unsocial secrecy. Amiable young man! how noble is his solicitude to see me restored to the protection of my friends! how greatly have we all been mistaken in his character!”

Thus did the susceptible heart of the innocent Rosina aggravate to itself the imaginary perfections of the man, who, at that very moment, meditated

dictated her destruction with all the calm deliberation of determined villany.

Two or three more visits made to the cottage by Sir Gregory and his noble abettor, began to engender suspicion in the bosom of the little Crook-back.

“Where the devil, (said he one evening to his sister Sophy and Miss Leatherdale,) where the devil can our new Pylades and Orestes be gone strolling to this evening? What can be at the bottom of this sudden amity, that they have struck up together, I cannot conceive for the soul of me! and yet I think I can see as far into a mill-stone as he that picks it. But let me alone to find out their manœuvres: I warrant you I’ll watch their waters for them. I’ll set off this minute, and enquire which way they went.—As cunning as the old fox thinks himself, I’ll unearth him, or I’ll know for why!”

In consequence of this resolution, Richard traced our two lovers to the cottage without much difficulty: however, by the time he reached it, they had quitted it, and were gone home by another path; for, as the dew now began to fall very

heavily, Sir Gregory, who was somewhat gouty, was afraid of wetting his feet in the grass.

Sir Gregory still continued undecided in respect to the plants, and undetermined whether to plant his hedges with hornbeam or sweet-briar, or to shadow his arbours with woodbines or jessamine. Never did consultations of so little importance occupy so much time, and occasion so much deliberation. The most momentous national treaties might have been negociated, and ministers and generals might have been chosen; nay, kings dethroned and beheaded too, in less time, and with less consideration, than Sir Gregory devoted to the election of his plants and flowers.

Austin's patience was at length exhausted, and that evening, when Sir Gregory departed, he shut the gate after him with a surly air, and bade him good night with no very good grace.

"I cannot be plagued any longer after this rate, (said he, returning to Rosina,) with that old feller and his young spark. Scarce a day has gone over my head this fortnight past, that he has not been a hampering of me, and I never saw the colour

colour of his coin yet. I cannot be keeping myself from my work after this manner. Does he think I have nothing to do but to keep dancing after his heels like a tantany pig?—I think he is not right in his head, for my part.”

“I think so too,” said Rosina.

“And so ignorant! (resumed Austin, with an air of still greater contempt.) I believe in my conscience he does not know a geranium plant from a cabbage-stalk! He buy shrubs and flowers,—well becomes him, indeed! I believe he is an old fool!”

“I believe so too, (said Rosina,) and, Austin, he shall learn ere long that he comes on a fool’s errand.”



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CHAP. XI.

## THE RIGHTS OF THE AGED VINDICATED.

THE Baronet and his confidant had just joined Mrs. Grubton and the young ladies in the drawing-room, when Richard returned, exceedingly delighted with the success of his peregrination.

“So, (cried he, bursting into the room, and addressing Sir Gregory,) so I have ferretted out your haunts for you at last, you old cogger! You wanted to steal a march on us, did you? But we will allow no underhand doings in this part of the world. You shall be married in the parish-church, my old boy, in the face of the congregation and the elders, if any one can be found in the parish older than yourself.”

“Heaven

"Heaven and earth! (exclaimed Mrs. Grubton,) what can be the meaning of this torrent of absurdity!"

"Oh! you will know sooner than you desire it, (cried Richard;) and so, my old buck, you want to transplant some of old Austin's shrubs, do you! Aye, I guessed what it would come to. — Nay, never blush, man; a young wife is the most cordial restorative in nature to a man in years, and much good may do your heart with it! She will renovate your old tattered system for you in a twinkling!"

"Merciful powers! (cried Mrs. Grubton,) is the boy gone mad?"

"Yes, faith! (cried Richard,) I believe the old boy is a little non compos.—No wonder, faith! she is handsome enough to unsettle a better head-piece than he is master of; and that little sly malicious devil, Cupid, who I suppose owes him a spite for having so long neglected his worship, has determined to gibbet him up, *in terrorem*, in matrimonial chains, by way of a scare-crow to all other old dotards, who presume to peck at the enticing fruits of youth and beauty."

"You may think yourself mighty witty, Mr. Richard, (said Mrs. Grubton,) but, since the hour I was created, I never heard such a deluge of nonsense!"

"Why, undoubtedly, (said Lord Raymond,) Richard has a knack of setting things in rather a ludicrous point of view; but, allowing that there was some foundation for what he has advanced —"

"Foundation for what he has advanced, my Lord! (interrupted Mrs. Grubton :) surely you jest, for it is not possible that a man of your lordship's quality and knowledge of life could seriously encourage my father to act like an idiot?"

"Time will shew all things," said Sir Gregory, pressing his lips together, with a significant nod of the head.

"I cannot see, madam, (returned Lord Raymond,) that, if the matter really stood as Richard has stated it, it would afford any room for questioning the soundness of Sir Gregory's intellects,—a man who arrives at sixty-two years of age with a sound constitution."

"I

"I shall not be sixty-two till Lady-day in harvest," interrupted Sir Gregory.

"It is my opinion, (resumed Lord Raymond,) that a man, who arrives at sixty-two with a sound constitution—"

"And a little touch of the gout," added Sir Gregory.

"Which certainly (continued Lord Raymond) should by no means be overlooked in a calculation of this nature; for, with your touch of the gout, a man at sixty-two has no reason to doubt that his constitution may not last him at least twenty or thirty years longer."

"There is the grave-digger of our parish, old Tribulation Manifold, that lived to be ninety-seven," said Sir Gregory.

"Aye, (said Richard,) I dare say death gave him a new lease of his life, in consideration of all the dainty morsels that he was daily stuffing his maw with."

"Like enough, (said Sir Gregory,) like enough! He, he, he! you are a wag, Mr. Dick;  
E 4 he,

he, he, he ! you are a wag ! And then there was old what's his name, that lived at the corner."

" Lord ! (interrupted Mrs. Grubton,) surely no one will dispute, that, once or twice in a century, some odd persons may live to a hundred or ninety years of age ; but are we to build our expectations on a lot that does not fall to the share of one person in ten thousand."

" There is undoubtedly no need of adducing instances of singular longevity in support of the present argument, (said Lord Raymond ;) for, though a man should have no more than ten or twenty years to live, in the name of common sense, what motive can he have for voluntarily devoting them to an unsocial state of uncomfortable celibacy ?"

" None in the world ! (cried Richard ;) besides, there is nothing so good as a few matrimonial hurricanes, to stir up the stagnant puddle of an old fellow's existence."

Sir Gregory gathered up his features into a smirk, and nodded significantly at his daughter-in-law, as much as to say, " Well, what have you to object to this reasoning ?"

" Strange



“Strange doctrine!” (cried Mrs. Grubton.) I think, that, at sixty-two, it is high time for a man to have done with the follies and vanities of this world, settle his temporal affairs, and look forward to the salvation of his immortal part.”

“And do you reckon a wife amongst a man’s follies and vanities, madam? (said Lord Raymond, with an ironical smile.) If our minds were oppressed, indeed, with the yoke of monkish superstition, we might persuade ourselves that the road to heaven was strewn with thorns of voluntary mortification, and on this principle prefer the scarifications of a hair-shirt to the tender endearments of a young and beautiful helpmate. But Sir Gregory’s mind is untinged with this gloomy enthusiasm. He knows that the true way of answering the end of his creation is that of becoming an useful member of society, and a worthy and respectable father of a family, by training up a band of young citizens, who, when he makes his exit from the stage of life, after having sustained his allotted part with propriety and with dignity, may come forward in his place, supply his loss to the commonwealth, and thus extend his usefulness to latest posterity. How long have you been a widower, Sir Gregory?”

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“Seven

"Seven years come Michaelmas, to my shame be it spoken," returned Sir Gregory.

"Well, (cried Richard,) better late than never!"

"Why, aye, I was making that observation to Lord Raymond myself just now," said Sir Gregory.

"Heaven defend me! (exclaimed Mrs. Grub-ton,) and is it then possible that you can have determined to marry that low-lived wretch? Your other projected match with Alderman Grumley's daughter was not half so absurd as this, ridiculous as it was.—She was a gentlewoman at least."

"Aye, your tone is changed, I find, (said Sir Gregory;) but, for all that, whilst the match was going on, you thought the worst word in your head a great deal too good for her. And, as to her being a gentlewoman, if I like a simple woman better, why, it is my own affair, I suppose."

"True, (cried Richard;) besides, if a man marries at your time of life, it is no more than reasonable that he should give a bargain of him-

self. You know well enough that you are one of those commodities that has missed its market, and you have too much conscience not to allow for wear and tear."

"Good heaven! (cried Mrs. Grubton,) that I should live to see this day! What would poor dear Mr. Grubton say, if he was alive at this time?"

"He might say, (returned Richard,) that his father had a ten times better fancy than himself."

"I desire, Mr. Richard, that you will make none of your abominable comparisons," said Mrs. Grubton.

"Abominable, indeed! (rejoined the eldest Miss Leatherdale.) It is to be supposed there is some difference between mamma and a poor mean creature of a gardener's daughter."

"Aye, that there is, with a witness! (said Richard,) difference enough in all conscience; for one is a blooming beautiful young virgin, fresh and fair, and the other (under favour) was a shrivelled skinny devil of a widow, old enough to be

his mother. But every one to his fancy, or black pudding would be no meat. The son married for money, and the father will marry for love, and so that is all the difference between them. What the devil good is in our English liberty, if folks may not please themselves ?”

“ But our English liberty, cousin Richard, (said Lord Raymond,) does not warrant an uncontrouled licentiousness of speech.”

“ Oh ! pray, my Lord, let him say what he pleases, (said Miss Leatherdale.) What Mr. Richard says is no scandal, that is one comfort ; and yet it is hard to be obliged to bear such shocking treatment from any one. Pray, mamma, when do you mean to set off for Bath ?”

“ See, Richard, (said Lucy Evelyn,) you are driving the ladies out of the house by your intolerable rudeness !”

“ Indeed, (added Sophy,) your behaviour distresses us exceedingly.”

“ Phoo, you fools ! (cried Richard,) sure nobody minds what little Crookback says. When  
6 fortune

fortune made a lord of me, in her great grace and favour, she conferred on me the privilege of being insolent, like other persons of my quality.—“And, since that heaven has shaped my body so, and hell made crook’d my mind to answer it,” is it to be marvelled at if I “snarl, and bite, and play the dog” a little sometimes, like my name-fake; and yet I am not a spiteful cur neither; and, if I do snap and worry a little now and then, it is only in play.”

“And I have heard it observed, (said Lord Raymond, in a sarcastic tone,) that the play of brutes is always a mock fight.”

CHAP.



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## CHAP. XII.

### THE BARONET EMANCIPATED FROM PETTI- COAT GOVERNMENT.

MRS. Evelyn's entrance interrupted the conversation. She immediately perceived that Mrs. Grubton and her eldest daughter were in no very agreeable frame of temper, and also observed that Lucy and Sophy were very much mortified.— She politely endeavoured to divert the chagrin of her guests, but all her efforts to engage them in conversation could extort nothing more from either ladies than a civil reply; for, though the hearts of both were ready to burst with spleen and vexation, they determined to repress their boiling choler, until they should meet some convenient opportunity of venting it on the poor baronet, when they should

should find him alone, and unprepared for his defence ; for, when supported by the eloquence of his cool sarcastic advocate, Lord Raymond, reinforced by the scurrility of his crook-backed auxiliary, they felt he was more than a match for them.

Mrs. Grubton at length broke silence, by asking Lord Raymond, how many miles Bath was distant ?

“ But, madam, (said Lord Raymond, after he had answered her question,) I hope you do not make the enquiry with any particular view.”

“ I may claim Mrs. Grubton’s promise of indulging us with her company for another fortnight,” said Mrs. Evelyn.

Mrs. Grubton made Mrs. Evelyn many acknowledgments for her politeness, hospitality, &c. &c. but added, that, in the train her affairs then were, it was indispensibly necessary she should go to Bath much sooner than she at first intended. “ I believe, Sir, (continued she, turning to address Sir Gregory,) we had better be in readiness to set out against the day after to-morrow.”

“ For

"For my part, (said Sir Gregory, who was at no loss to conceive the drift of this manœuvre,) I do not understand these sudden choppings and changings. I thought it was agreed at breakfast this morning, that we were to fix our quarters here for another fortnight. I know when I am well, and, since I have got into such a pleasant birth, and that good Mrs. Evelyn desires to be troubled with me, I should be a great fool, I think, if I was in a hurry to change it. However, I wouldn't by no means be any hindrance to your inclinations; so, you see, if so be you choose to go to Bath, I can stay here a while after you, and then I can join you there by that time that you have taken your fill of the pump-room and assemblies, and balls and breakfasts, and crescent and parades, and other shows."

"Right, my old Holefernes! (exclaimed Richard, clapping him on the back in an ecstasy,) right as my leg! I did not think you had so much manhood in you."

"I like to let folks go their own gait," said Sir Gregory.

"Fine treatment! — a pretty proposal! — was  
the

the like ever heard !” exclaimed at the same time Mrs. Grubton and her daughter.

“ To inveigle a parcel of poor unprotected females into the middle of these wild mountains, (continued the former,) and send us off by ourselves, to be robbed and stripped by any villainous gang that may lie in wait for us. O heaven ! my own husband’s father, that ought to be a guardian and protector to me ! Oh ! oh ! (bursting into a flood of tears) if poor dear Mr. Grubton were here, to see me treated in this manner !”

“ Marry, heaven forbid ! (cried Richard;) for, of all things in the world, your dead folks are the most unpleasant company. The poor man was not very funny when he was alive, and it is not to be supposed he can have improved much by lying by so long.”

“ I could have born any thing but this, (exclaimed Mrs. Grubton;) but I am at no loss for the motive of this shocking treatment. It is a terrible thing to think, that, after having behaved with propriety and decency for such a number of years, you should expose yourself in this manner at

at last ! What will people say, but that you are beginning to doat !”

“ Well, (cried Richard,) and who can blame him, if he does doat a little or so, when it is on such a dainty girl as Rosy ?”

“ To think that a man at your time of life !”—  
continued Mrs. Grubton.

“ At my time of life, (interrupted Sir Gregory,) a body would think that a man, having neither father nor mother, uncle nor aunt, sister nor brother, nor any one else that has a lawful right to cross and check him in his inclinations, might be left to do as he saw it fitting to his own understanding. I have made many a bargain of more consequence than this here before now, and have bought many and many a hundred thousand pounds worth of goods, teas and sugars, wines and spirits, hops and spices, dye stuffs and tobaccos, and many other commodities, too tedious to mention, without asking nobody’s advice upon the matter ; and why should not I ? for, having been at business ever since I came out of the egg-shell, as I may say, it is no wonder that I should think my own experience as good as another man’s ; and,  
having



having been so long my own master, people have no need to be greatly surpris'd that I should not like to be brow-beaten and kept under hatches at this time of day ; and, for that reason, I would have some folks that I could mention for to know, (only I do not choose for to name names, because it might be disagreeable,) but I only say that I would have them to know that they may spare their breath to cool their porridge ; because why ? all their teaching and preaching goes for nothing, and the upshot of the matter is, that, seeing I have not got it into my head to do nothing that is either sinful or shameful, I think there can be no crime in striving to enjoy myself a little in my old age ; wherefore, for that reason, it will be in vain for people to strive to thwart and gainsay me ; for the long and the short of it is, that I will have my own way, if the devil stood at the door, and that is because nobody can say that I have not a very good right to it, being my own master, and free to please myself."

"Spoken like an oracle !" cried Richard.

"Howsomever, (continued he,) because I know well enough it is no desirable thing to have people disturbed with these carpings and bickerings,  
and

and snappings and snarlings, about matters that are not of the least concernment to them. I hope, madam, (addressing Mrs. Evelyn,) you will excuse me, if I bid this good company a very good night. And the more so, because I am a little or so jaded with the walk I have taken, and you know I am no great supper man at no time."

Mrs. Evelyn pressed him to stay supper, but he civilly excused himself, and withdrew to his own apartment, attended by Richard, who followed him to applaud his resistance to Mrs. Grubton's usurpations, and to encourage him to emancipate himself entirely from the yoke she had so arbitrarily imposed on him.

"All this must appear very strange to you, madam, (said Mrs. Grubton, addressing Mrs. Evelyn, when Sir Gregory and Richard were withdrawn,) but, when you are informed of the cause of my affliction, you will cease to be surprised at it. It is certainly a matter of no consequence to me in any respect. I thank God I am no way dependent on him: if I was, I should be in a fine condition indeed! I have property enough for myself and my own family, without being beholden to any one; but what provokes me is to think

think of the scandal it will bring on the memory of my poor dear Mr. Grubton, that lies in his grave. I am sure it is happy for the dead that they do not know what passes in this world when once they get out of it; if they did, they could not sleep quietly in their graves."

"Indeed, (said Mrs. Evelyn,) I am exceedingly concerned to see you thus affected, but pray what is it that Sir Gregory has done to excite all this disturbance?"

"I protest, madam, I scarcely know how to go about telling you. Could you believe that this ridiculous old man has got it into his doating head to marry that creature that we saw at the cottage?"

"What! Rosy, the gardener's daughter? (replied Mrs. Evelyn.) I am indeed exceedingly surprised."

"But now, mamma, (said Miss Eleanora, who had listened to the preceding conversation with an air of great nonchalance,) will you permit me to ask you one question? Do you think it at all probable that a young lady of condition, (as I am convinced this fair cottager must be,) who has already

ready fled to a rustic retreat to avoid the persecutions of some detestable fright or other, would ever consent to act in a manner so unbecoming her character, as to throw herself into the arms of a great, clumsy, ignorant, old monster, like grand papa ? It appears to me the greatest jest in nature, and all that astonishes me is to find that he has so good a taste."

" You speak like an idiot, child ! (returned Mrs. Grubton ;)—reject him, indeed ! No, no ! she took too much pains to draw him in. I am confident, that, if she had not made the first advances, such an idea would never have entered the man's head.—A fly slut ! I saw what she was at the first glance. I cannot account for it, but I felt an aversion to her from the first moment I set my eyes on her. But what most surprises me is, that Lord Raymond can encourage him in this preposterous infatuation."

" Faith, madam ! (said his lordship,) I have already explained my ideas on this subject pretty fully. I can see no crime in any man's marrying a beautiful amiable girl that he takes a fancy to."

" Beautiful amiable girl !" exclaimed Mrs. Grubton.

" Very

"Very beautiful and amiable indeed!" re-echoed her eldest daughter with a sneer.

"But do you believe she will marry him, my Lord?" said Miss Eleanora.

"Why, (replied he,) the lady has not made me the confidant of her determination on this subject. She may possibly wish him somewhat younger and handsomer; but, to be made a baronet's lady, and have a plentiful jointure settled on her, are undoubtedly powerful temptations for a girl in her obscure line of life."

This speech produced its designed effect; that of exasperating Mrs. Grubton and Miss Leatherdale to such a pitch, that, apprehensive lest their indignation and vexation might exhibit themselves to the company in some unbecoming ebullitions, they thought it the wisest way to retire to the privacy of their own apartments, where they might indulge them with a free vent.



## ROSINA.

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### CHAP. XIII.

#### AN EXCURSION TO THE COTTAGE.

**T**HE next morning Lord Raymond and Miss Eleanora happened to meet in the breakfast-parlour, before the rest of the company were assembled.

“ Well, my Lord, (cried the young lady,) had not we a curious scene last night? I could scarcely keep my countenance, and, once or twice, you might have observed that I was forced to turn to the window; for, if mamma and sister had seen me laughing at them, they would have been mad frantic, and I should have had no peace these three days. Do you know they are as much in the dumps as ever this morning, though, for my own part,

part, I think there is a mighty fuss about nothing, I am sure she is twenty times too good for him, and I am convinced she would just as soon run her head into the fire, as unite her destiny to that of such an old corpulent porpoise as grand-papa; for, be it as it may, nothing can put it out of my head that she is a person of fashion. Sophy Evelyn and I have made a party to steal out this evening to visit this charming cottager, and we were thinking to ask you to go with us."

Lord Raymond assured her with more than usual sincerity, that it would give him great pleasure to attend them.

"But we must all steal out separate ways, and manage it in the most clandestine manner imaginable. It will be so delightful! You cannot think what a violent curiosity I feel to be made acquainted with the history of this young person. Perhaps we may be able to prevail on her to indulge us with a narrative of her misfortunes; for, though, to be sure, we are strangers to her, some how your people of feeling and sentiment always have a knack of finding out their own congenial minds, merely by the force of sympathy, and we constantly read of their acquainting one another with

all their secrets, even on the first interview. I know mamma and sister would be highly provoked with this excursion, if they should come to hear it, but so let them; I protest I have no notion of giving up to such narrow prejudices. — However, as they are engaged to make a visit this evening with Mrs. Evelyn and Miss Lucy, they will know nothing about the matter.”

Lord Raymond, who, by encouraging Miss Eleanora in her absurdity, hoped to multiply his own opportunities of seeing Rosina, highly extolled the liberality of her ideas and the generosity of her sentiments: — he did more; for, from this hour, he shewed her a preference, so decided and flattering, that she began to entertain a sanguine persuasion that he was on the point of becoming the slave of her mental charms, and yielding his freedom to the elegance of her conversation, and the superior refinement of her understanding.

Highly gratified by the prospect of such a conquest, she resolved to omit nothing that might contribute to rivet the chains of so noble a captive, and determined to exhibit that evening such a specimen of her eloquence, as, she imagined, could

could not fail to inspire him with new admiration.

All that day Mrs. Grubton and her eldest daughter displayed, in their manners, a species of ill temper which seemed to be compounded of fullness, resentment, and melancholy; for they were very seriously aggrieved at the approaching expiration of the despotic authority which Sir Gregory had allowed them to exercise over his household. The good baronet bore their displeasure with the most stoical indifference, and was not at all displeased, as he himself expressed it, that the ice was broke at long run.

In the evening, Mrs. Evelyn, who had before projected a visit to a neighbouring lady, with some difficulty persuaded Mrs. Grubton and Miss Leatherdale to accompany her, and thus left the other young ladies to execute their secret design without molestation.

Richard and Sir Gregory, who were become wondrous intimate on a sudden, set out to take a walk together, and Sophy and Miss Eleanora, attended by Lord Raymond, turned their footsteps towards the cottage.

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They had not got far from home, when they perceived Richard crossing the field next to them. The young ladies, who suspected that he and Sir Gregory were also bound for the cottage, begged Lord Raymond would stay behind them, and endeavour to divert the gentlemen from such a purpose, if they should entertain it.

“For what comfort could we have, (said Miss Eleanora,) to be shut up the whole evening with two such out of the way animals? They are the fittest company for each other: we have enough of their society at home. I beg your pardon, Sophy, my dear, but I must say your brother Richard——”

“Oh! indeed, you may say what you please of him. No censure can be too severe for his rudeness.”

“Why, to acknowledge the truth, (resumed Eleanora,) he is the greatest Hottentot that nature ever produced, and has no more idea of the sensibility of susceptible minds, than if he had been reared in a cavern in Kamschatka, and suckled with whale’s blubber. We may put every thought of the enjoyment of refined conversation entirely  
out



out of our heads when he is present. Indeed, grand-papa is something like him in that respect; for, if you talk sentiment to him, he no more understands it than Greek. However, though he does not enter into the spirit of the conversation, there is no danger of his interrupting people, and putting them out of countenance with sneers and sarcasms, like Mr. Richard. — So, pray, my Lord, get rid of them, if it is possible, for it is not to be imagined that the fair cottager could be prevailed on to unbosom herself, and entertain us with the amusing recital of her misfortunes in their presence. I hope he has not seen us. We'll go on the other side of the hedge, and the trees will shade us from his view."

The two ladies walked on very fast, and Lord Raymond, in compliance with their desire, waited for Richard, who soon joined him. He enquired how he had disposed of Sir Gregory.

"Why, (said Richard,) just as we were taking our walk, and passing by the side of the hill, as we crossed the road at Pengwyllan, directly opposite to the Cat and Bagpipes, who should Sir Gregory happen to find there, squat on the green bench at the door, with a pipe in his mouth and a pot of  
F 3 beer

beer in his hand, but an old crony of his, a sort of rider, or fustian ambassador, as they are called, that goes about the country taking orders from the shopkeepers; so my old gentleman, who seemed right glad to meet an old acquaintance, called for another pipe and another pot, and there I left them both by the road-side, enjoying the sun and dust, tippling brown nappy, and fumigating one another most lovingly with tobacco. So, now, which way are you steering your course? for, now that I have got rid of old Squaretoes, and am at a loose end, I do not care if I go with you. — But, now I think on it, what, in the devil's name, set the two wenches a scampering off at such a rate, as soon as they saw me coming?"

Lord Raymond, who saw it would be impossible to shake Richard off, thought it would be his best course to confide their plan to him; and, as soon as he had acquainted him with it, begged he would return to Sir Gregory.

"No, faith! (replied Richard,) and that I will not. I like a pretty girl as well as another; and, if all the dogs in the town are to go to the cottage, I do not see why I have not as good a right as another to make one of the party."

Lord

Lord Raymond was obliged to allow Richard's claim to be incontestible, and was therefore necessitated to consent to his accompanying him; but not till he had extorted from him a solemn promise that he would demean himself with singular decency and propriety throughout the evening.

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## CHAP. XIV.

### INTRODUCTION OF A STRANGER.

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For metaphors he scarce could ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

HUDIBRAS.

AS Lord Raymond and Richard passed through the hanging wood, that waved on one of the mountains which embosomed the romantic vale

that Rosina's cottage overlooked, they perceived a young man of a genteel appearance, who wandered along the meadow which skirted the wood, and sloped down to the side of the water. Sometimes he stopped and looked about him, as if in admiration of the beauty of the surrounding scenes, and again skipped forward with an air of hilarity expressive of vivacity and joy. Sometimes he stood still on the margin of the water, and seemed to bend in silent rapture over the fairy-scene reflected in its bosom; and he often stooped as he went to gather the cowslips and violets that embroidered the smooth green margin of the river.

There was an animation in the air and manner of the stranger that fixed Lord Raymond's attention, and excited his curiosity. Resolved to have a nearer view of him, he turned into a little path which led to the side of the river, and terminated in that which was trodden by the stranger. Every step they took brought them nearer to each other, but the stranger, who had got a little farther on than Lord Raymond, perceived him not.

Just then the windings of the valley discovered to view the cottage of Rosina. On perceiving it,  
the

the solitary wanderer made a full stop, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of enthusiasm,

“I ask no gaudy gifts, no rainbow dyes,  
No splendid treasures snatch’d from Plutus’ shrine,  
Nor wish for me the pompous dome to rise,  
Rich with the flaming spoils of India’s mine.

My wishes point me to an humbler scene,  
Some lowly cottage in a sun-gilt mead,  
Where lakes expansive spread the wat’ry plain,  
And oaks extend a venerable shade.

Let the wild goats come trooping o’er the hills,  
And the soft sheep, with fleeces white as snow ;  
Let stately swans adorn my limpid rills,  
And living roses fringe them as they flow !

Rich in such treasures, shall my wayward heart  
At the mean triumphs of the great repine ?  
Be theirs the vain parade of mimic art,  
The wild magnificence of nature mine !”

“Spencer !” cried Lord Raymond, who had instantly recollected the voice of the stranger.

“Lord Raymond !” exclaimed the other, suddenly



denly turning in still greater astonishment, "in the name of wonder how came you here?"

"The physicians packed me off, in quest of the goddess Hygeia, to this favourite retreat of her's. See, I adapt my phrase to your taste, and speak in metaphors; but I may retort your question, for I am no less astonished at finding you running wild amongst these vales and mountains, when I imagined that the duties of your employment confined you to London."

"So they would, (returned the stranger,) only that, by special favour, I obtained permission to shift the burden of business to the shoulders of a mercenary for a few months. You know I am under the dominion of a spirit, who, though not, I trust, an unclean one, leads me oft' times "through the fire and the water," through dangers and through difficulties."

"He is certainly mad, (said Richard, whispering Lord Raymond;) I do not understand a word he says. Let us get rid of him as fast as we can."

"I am but just returned from the land of potatoes," said the stranger.

"Well,

"Well, (returned Lord Raymond,) I hope you had reason to be satisfied with your excursion."

"Infinite reason. I beheld a country beautiful as Eden,—a country of which the aspect seems emblematic of the character of the inhabitants; alluring to strangers, cheerful, hospitable, and joyous. I found sheer wit and excellent claret, open hearts and smiling countenances, solid sense and good cheer, most sociably and agreeably blended together."

"Perhaps (said Lord Raymond) your partiality to our Hibernian neighbours is the consequence of your having viewed them only superficially."

"Possibly it may, (returned the stranger.) See this water that flows smoothly beside us, scarcely curled by the breeze of the evening; how brightly are the crimson clouds, with their gold fringes, reflected in its bosom! Whilst the face of heaven is depicted on its surface, what matters it to me what mud and weeds may rest at the bottom? Shall I, by foolishly diving down in search of them, throw the vivid scene into confusion, and dissipate the phantoms so pleasing to my eye!

“ La foiblesse humaine est d'apprendre  
Ce qu'on ne voudroit pas savoir.”

We all know that much of the happiness of human life depends on being agreeably deceived. — I deny that felicity can be imaginary. Think yourself happy, and you are so.”

“ As whimsical as ever ! (said Lord Raymond.)  
What stay did you make in Ireland ?”

“ Only a month ; yet, in that short interval, I travelled from one extremity of the island to the other ; from the Giant's Causeway to the Lake of Killarney.”

“ And did that scene, so famous for its natural beauties, answer your expectations ?” enquired Lord Raymond.

“ It even exceeded them, (replied the stranger.) See, (said he, taking out an ivory tablet,) I have drawn a sketch of it.”

Lord Raymond took the tablet, and read these lines.

Here

Here frolick Nature paints the glowing scene,  
With all the vivid brightness of Lorraine :  
There, rough'ning into shadows dark and drear,  
She seems to catch Salvator's gloomy air.  
O'er horrid rocks, on cloud-capp'd mountains pil'd,  
She reigns sublime, magnificently wild ;  
Or, crown'd with roses, midst Elysian bow'rs,  
The sweet enchantress tries her magic pow'rs.  
From milder skies she calls, to grace the scene,  
Each beauteous shrub of bright perennial green ;  
Bids groves of od'rous myrtles scent the air,  
And marble rocks the tall arbutus bear ;  
Midst horrid ice bids crimson fruitage grow,  
And twines with flow'ry wreaths old Winter's  
brow.

" Your sketch, though slight, is animated," said  
Lord Raymond, who thought a compliment indis-  
pensibly necessary to the occasion.

" Wherever I go, (returned the stranger,) I a-  
muse myself with taking views, which, however  
incorrect and unfinished they may appear to others,  
answer the only purpose I desire,—that of amusing  
myself."

" Taking

“ Taking views ! (said Richard.) Dear Sir, if it is not too much trouble, I beg you will be so good as to shew me some of them, for there is nothing I am fonder of than looking at pretty pictures of landscapes, and things of that sort.”

“ The views I take, (replied the stranger, smiling,) are chiefly from animated nature.”

“ Animated nature ! (repeated Richard ;) that is, I suppose, of birds, and beasts, and fishes, and snails, and creeping things. Well, though I confess I do not think them so handsome by a great deal as pictures of houses, and bridges, and mills, and trees, and water, but particularly old arches and ruined castles, yet, for all that, I would rather see them than nothing. And who knows but you have got some drawings of some out of the way outlandish Irish animals, such as we have never seen before ?”

! “ Yes, I have, indeed, (replied the stranger,) and of a species so extraordinary too, that many of my own countrymen will never be persuaded to believe they were faithfully copied from the life. I fancy I have some of them about me, (continued he, rummaging in his pockets, and drawing out some soiled rumpled sheets of written paper,)



per,) you will find them contained in these leaves, if you think them worth the trouble of inspecting."

"Lord ! (said Richard,) what are you dreaming of ? I see nothing on this dirty paper you have given me but some scrawls of writing, like verses."

"My friend Spencer exhibits his pictures to the mind's eye, (said Lord Raymond, taking the fragments from Richard,) and they are not greatly calculated to gratify your mental optics, I doubt."

He was going to open the sheets, but Spencer stopped him.

"Hold, my Lord, (said he ;) wait, if you please, until we are separated. I have but a quarter of an hour to enjoy your conversation, and I have no inclination to waste that little interval in listening to the repetition of my own verses, and the praises your Lordship will think it necessary to sound forth on the occasion. Indeed, I always feel great compassion, when I see a poor devil of a hearer fastened on by some greedy poet, eager in the pursuit of fame, and insatiable in his thirst for praise. How have I pitied the awkwardness of his situation, whilst judgment, taste, and fancy, revolted against the encomiums which politeness, perhaps humanity, extorted from his lips !"

“But, seriously and sincerely, (said Lord Raymond,) I think nature has gifted you with a poetical taste, and I have often wondered that you never applied yourself to the cultivation of a talent so universally and deservedly admired.”

“In the first place, (returned the stranger,) I am by no means certain I possess the poetic taste you ascribe to me, which undoubtedly comprehends many requisites besides a knack at tagging rhymes. With every advantage of cultivation, my genius would probably never have arisen to more than mediocrity. Though I may sometimes feel an inclination to wander into poetic ground, duty and reason assign to me a different province, and forbid me to fix my residence in that enchanted sphere; and I confess I have never seriously regretted the interdiction. When I make only a casual excursion to Parnassus, it appears to me an Elysium; its paths embroidered with flowers, and its summit, like that of Olympus, crowned with stars, and irradiate with glory. But, had I aspired to its dangerous elevation, I might have found that, like other high mountains, it is subject to fogs and vapours, that “shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it;” and that shining wreaths of bays are often crowns of thorns to their possessors.”

CHAP.

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## CHAP. XV.

### CONVERSATION.

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Let not false wit's deceitful glory  
Lead you from wisdom's paths astray,  
What genius lives renown'd in story  
Who found to happiness the way.

"I Believe you are right, (said Lord Raymond;) if evil preponderates in the balance of human life, those, on whom nature has bestowed the smallest portion of susceptibility, have commonly most reason to be satisfied with her dispensations; but those are not her poetic children."

"Oh, no! (returned Spencer.) They are an irritable race! Sensitive as the mimosa, they shrink

shrink and tremble even at the passing breeze. — Like theameleon, they live on air, and like that, too, they catch whatever colour the caprice of popular opinion may ordain them to reflect.

Rapture and agony, in nature's loom,  
Have form'd the changing tissue of their doom;  
Both interwoven with so nice an art,  
No pow'r can tear the twisted threads apart.

“One would think they possessed rich mines of happiness in their own bosoms; but, despising the treasures of the native soil, and impelled by some strange infatuation, they embark their hopes and wishes on a tumultuous ocean, and, like ignorant savages, barter their sterling ore for toys and trinkets.

“I have somewhere heard it remarked, that authors, the reverse of all other objects, magnify by distance, and diminish by approach. It reminds one of a city built on a hill, and in perspective, where the towers, spires, and lofty parts are seen with admiration, but, on a nearer approach, we discover narrow streets, little alleys, and offensive objects.

“Now,

"Now, in my idea, a man is more rationally and usefully employed in cleansing his dirty alleys, making strait his crooked paths, and keeping in subjection a certain riotous and unruly banditti, called the passions, which are apt to make sad havoc in the intellectual commonwealth, than in erecting superb and stately structures to attract the admiration of the misjudging multitude."

"But let it be remembered, (said Lord Raymond,) that, after your little dirty crooked lanes and alleys shall be swept to oblivion, and all those rebellious passions undergo a final extinction, those superb structures shall exist to future ages, glorious monuments of departed genius, strikingly useful lessons to mankind, and powerful incentives to laudable emulation."

"Why, I confess, (said the stranger, smiling,) much may be said on both sides : but I feel my genius very inadequate to the task of raising any of those substantial monuments which are calculated to triumph over the ravages of time. Besides, I am naturally too indolent to learn the art of poetry, and too eccentric to be bound by the trammels with which the legislators in this science have been pleased to fetter the muses. Whilst I was lately in Ireland,



Ireland, some local circumstances inspired me with the idea of writing a sort of poetical novel, of which the scene was to lie in that country. I copied nature, and introduced some characteristic sketches of the inhabitants of the more uncivilized provinces, which, I fancied, might not be uninteresting to those to whom they might exhibit a novel scene. My little work advanced rapidly; it was almost finished, when, on my arrival at Holyhead, I chanced to find an old friend there waiting for a wind to carry him over. We spent the evening together; our conversation turned on the country I had just quitted, and for which he was on the point of embarking. I introduced my tale, expecting to find him exceedingly delighted with the singularity of some of my characters; but, to my great disappointment, he shook his head, and told me it would never do."

"Who (said he) can possibly decide on the merit of a portrait that has never had an opportunity of comparing it with the original? If, in such a picture, the features and cast of countenance be very unlike those we have been accustomed to contemplate, instead of receiving it as a faithful representation of nature, shall we not be inclined to condemn it as a distorted caricature? Besides,

Spencer,

Spencer, there is a sort of heterogeneous combination of the comic with the tragic, which pervades every composition of your's that has hitherto fallen under my observation, and which, to speak candidly, is utterly inconsistent with the dignity of poesy. There was a time, indeed, when Melpomene and Thalia were allowed to sport together on the same scene, and permitted to try their magic feats by turns, like contending jugglers. But modern criticism confines them to peculiar districts, and no longer permits them to infringe the provinces of each other."

"Modern criticism, (replied I,) as great a forcerels as she is, would find it a hard task to confine me within the limits of her magic circle."

"At least, (replied my old friend,) as she guards the entrance of the temple Fame, she may punish your contempt of her laws by excluding you from any portion of celebrity."

"That can be no punishment (said I) to a person who never aspired to it."

"And what the devil do you write for? for you are not in the predicament of those poor starving  
ling

ling elves of poets who are obliged to fend out the sweepings of their brains in order to replenish the emptiness of their bellies."

"Have you never seen children entertain themselves with picking wild flowers, (said I,) and then throw them away again, when any other juvenile pursuit diverted their attention? To convince you how little value I set on my own productions, as I see you casting your eyes around in search of paper to light your pipe with, I will make you a present of three of the most pithy leaves of my poem for that purpose."

"Why, in truth, (replied my old friend, smiling as he spoke,) I believe you may as well make that use of it as any other; for, though, (continued he, endeavouring to mitigate the asperity of disapprobation with such a scanty pittance of commendation as candor warranted him to afford me,) for though you have certainly a poetical ear, and some of your verses are not totally destitute of harmony, yet, after all, writing without judgment is like playing by ear; and, though such compositions may display genius, they will never confer permanent satisfaction."

"And

“And since that period, (continued the stranger,) convinced that my manuscript was good for nothing, I have distributed its fragments liberally to such as required them, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the numerous tobacco-pipes which were lighted by these consecrated brands have sent up many bright and poetical images to the craniums of such as smoked them.

“But adieu; I must be gone instantly. My landlady has promised to take me with her, to witness the celebration of a Cambrian wedding this evening, where possibly I may find subjects for new sketches; for, whilst I find an innocent, and not an irrational amusement in scribbling, scribble I will till fate shall close the volume of my life.”

“But, (said Lord Raymond,) a-propos to weddings, I hoped your own would have been concluded before this time.”

“I hoped so too; but I think Solomon tells us, that Hope deferred makes the heart sick: mine has had many a qualm on this subject; but fortune, at length, has deigned to lay aside her frowns, for I received a letter yesterday to inform me of the death of my Stella’s uncle, who, by leaving her a  
a hand-

And

a handsome fortune, has made us some amends for having lived so long, as if on purpose to torment us."

"I most sincerely congratulate you on this event, (said Lord Raymond,) and must acknowledge your filial duty and fraternal affection merit the recompense that awaits you."

"Can there be any merit (returned the stranger) in the performance of duties of which the neglect would be criminal? Shall man, born with those superior faculties and finer sensations, which distinguish him from the brute,—with a spirit active to explore and subtle to penetrate, a perception to distinguish good from evil in this involved and variegated scene of human life, and a heart, formed by the benevolent Author of his being to pant with sympathetic impulses, and vibrate at the sighs of sorrow;—shall such a being arrogate any merit to himself, if, not always burying his glorious talents in the earth, and clinging to its surface with "brutal acquiescence," he sometimes rises to a more congenial and elevated region, extends his views to the feelings of his fellow-creatures, and derives from philanthropy that refined and exquisite enjoyment which is vainly



sought for in the gratification of a sensual selfishness !”

“ But have you no apprehension (said Lord Raymond, changing a conversation which was very little adapted to his taste) that, whilst, wandering to other climates in pursuit of amusement, you leave the heart of your mistress undefended? Some foreign marauder may make depredations on your territory ?”

“ No, no ! (returned the stranger ;) I bid defiance to them all.

The world shall in its atoms end

Ere Stella can forsake her friend.

But adieu ! I must write to her, and I fear I shall be too late for the post.”

He flew off as he spoke without waiting for a reply.

“ With too much thinking to have common thought, (repeated Lord Raymond, looking after him, and smiling as he spoke,) what a strange being ! That silly fellow has kept an amiable woman waiting for him six years through a piece of sentimental knight-errantry, that he might be

enabled in the mean time to support an old doting mother, and two maiden tabbies of sisters, in the affluence to which they had been accustomed during the life of his father."

Richard paused a moment. "Well, (said he,) and do not you think him a great blockhead for his pains?"

"I believe, Richard, most people will join with me in that opinion."

"Aye, to be sure, (said Richard.) I dare say now, if you stood in his shoes, you would have let all the old cats go to the devil, or only allowed them ten pounds a year a piece, to keep them from starving for conscience sake."

"I believe, indeed, I should have put them off with some such comfortable establishment," said Lord Raymond.

"Faith! I am convinced you would, (said Richard;) for, do you know now, I only said that to try you? for, for all your politeness and French compliments, I have long had a shrewd suspicion that you have not a bit more good nature in you than

than your neighbours. Aye, aye, people may call me a bear and a brute, and what not, but, if we were both to be turned inside out, I believe I should make the better figure of the two; for I know, if I had the staff in my own hands, I would not give my mother, and Lucy, and Sophy, the turn out for the finest she that ever wore a head."

"Pshaw! you fool! (said Lord Raymond,) I spoke ironically."

"Oh! now you are going on with your tricks, (said Richard,) but that will not pass. See what it is to be a courtier, and know how to veer about, like a weathercock, with every blast that blows.—That is another thing about you that I do not at all like. All the time that that young fellow was here talking to you, you did nothing but cry him up as a miracle, and compliment him like a dragon; yet, no sooner was his back turned, than you fell to abusing him. Now, if I had any thing to say against a person, I would say it to his face, for I hate a backbiter worse than a toad."

Lord Raymond affected to laugh at these observations, and shortly afterwards they arrived at the cottage.

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CHAP. XVI.FEMALE ORATORY.

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Her words fly swift, and rapid as the wind.

**T**HOUGH the young ladies were not much delighted at seeing Lord Raymond accompanied by Richard, they were somewhat appeased on perceiving the unusual gravity and sobriety of his demeanour.

Rosina entertained her fair guests, who had introduced themselves to her on pretence of wanting some painted flowers, with a sweet complacency and politeness which exceedingly captivated them.

After

After she had made tea for them, Sophy Evelyn asked her, whether she had not found the winter very lonely and solitary.

Rosina replied, that sometimes, when the weather was very bad, she had found the hours hang rather heavily, but that, in general, she had spent her time very agreeably.

“ You must doubtless possess great fortitude, fair stranger, (said Miss Eleanora,) to be able to reconcile yourself to a situation no less unsuitable to your birth, than inadequate to your extraordinary merit.”

Rosina looked much surprised at this unexpected address: she coloured deeply, and darted a reproachful glance at Lord Raymond, apprehensive that he had betrayed her.

“ And pray (said Lord Raymond, immediately endeavouring to exculpate himself from the charge) what reason have you to suppose our fair neighbour’s birth to be unsuitable to her present situation?”



“What reason, my Lord! (returned Miss Eleanora,) can any one that has the least feeling, or sentiment, or susceptibility, be so stupid as to suppose, for a single instant, that this charming young lady can owe her origin to that vulgar old wretch of a peasant that we met just now wheeling out dung in a barrow! Such a supposition is quite incongruous, and has not the least appearance of probability. It is in vain, (continued she, judging this to be a favourable opportunity of introducing an oration which she had that morning composed for the occasion) it is in vain, that you would endeavour to persuade us, that so much merit as you possess, united to so much beauty, and so many elegant accomplishments, could have been first introduced to the light of heaven beneath the roof of a shabby cottage. Rather must we suppose, that some unmerited calamity has forced you to lay aside your hereditary dignity for a period, and exchange it for these weeds of rustic simplicity which so ill accord with that air of nobleness and grandeur, of which, being inherent, you cannot divest yourself.”

From the moment Miss Eleanora had begun her harangue, the eyes of the rest of the company were turned towards her, and still continued rivetted on her

her in increasing astonishment. She had, however, only paused to take breath, and enjoy the admiration of her eloquence, which she read in the countenances of her auditors in characters very legible to her vanity, however impervious they might have been to common observers, who would have perceived nothing but astonishment at her absurdity.

“ Your present eclipse, beautiful incognita, (continued she,) reminds us of that which the fair empress of the night sometimes suffers from the intervention of malignant vapours : but be assured, that, however the malice of fortune may overshadow your destiny, your charms and virtues have raised you up friends who will not only most tenderly sympathize in the affliction under which a mind of your supreme sensibility must labour, but will also, to the utmost of their efforts ——”

Our female orator was somewhat disconcerted in this part of her harangue by a very loud snoring, which issued from the nasal organs of Richard, who had gradually closed his eye-lids, and reclined his head on the back of the chair. Though by no means insensible to the severity of this sarcasm, which made the rest of the company laugh heartily,

she began to rally her discomfited ideas, and continued to address Rosina, who felt herself exceedingly embarrassed and awkward.

“ I think I was assuring you, amiable cottager, (continued she, rummaging her memory for the thread of concatenation, on which was strung abundance of similes and metaphors more precious than oriental pearls, in the estimation of the fair collector,) I think I was assuring you that your beauty had rendered you secure of powerful assistance, and ——”

“ Yes, divine incognita, (interrupted Lord Raymond, desirous of freeing Rosina from this inundation of impertinence,) yes, divine incognita, I swear by every thing that is beautiful and heroic, that if you will but indicate to me the abode of the execrable monster, whose detestable and presumptuous passion has necessitated you to obscure your angelic perfections beneath the roof of this shabby cottage, I will not only bestow on him as many lashes with a cat-o’ nine-tails as you shall deem sufficient to expiate his offence, but will also trail his recreant carcase through the first horse-pond that presents itself to my view.”

This

This ludicrous address effectually answered its purpose, by making every one laugh; and Miss Eleanora, though exceedingly mortified and disconcerted at the ill success of her oration, endeavoured to laugh with the rest.

To give a new turn to a conversation which was distressing to Rosina, Lord Raymond produced the manuscript which the stranger had given to Richard, and proposed examining its contents in the garden. The plan was agreed to. Austin brought them some leaves of straw-berries, which he had gathered whilst they were at tea; Lord Raymond threw himself on the grass; the ladies and Richard seated themselves in a little circle around him, whilst he began to examine the tattered remnants.

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 CHAP. XVII.

## FRAGMENTS.

“**H**ERE is the beginning, (said Lord Raymond, as he looked over the leaves,) how did that escape?”

---

FRIEND of the poor, and lord of wide domains,  
 O'Brien liv'd in Munster's fertile plains;  
 On silver Sure his lordly castle stood,  
 And view'd its Gothic turrets in the flood.  
 Deep in a vale it rose with gloomy pride,  
 With bastions flank'd, with ramparts fortified:  
 For here, when civil Discord's hated broil  
 Chas'd white-rob'd Concord from this destin'd isle;  
 When Superstition from her horrid cell  
 Invok'd that hideous form, fanatic Zeal,

“Here,



“ Here, (said Lord Raymond,) all the exploits of Superstition and Fanaticism have been doomed to the fiery ordeal of the tobacco-pipe. What follows next? O, a description of the heroine, as I suppose.”

---

One only daughter had this worthy sage,  
The sweet Ellena, treasure of his age.  
With partial pride he view'd this lovely child,  
In duty tender, as in temper mild;  
Fervent in friendship, in devotion warm,  
Faultless in mind, and beautiful in form;  
In Nature's sweet, but simple charms array'd,  
No borrowed graces deck'd the lovely maid;  
Untaught to play, to sing, to dress, to dance,  
To speak the tongue, or wear the modes of France;  
Her golden tresses curl'd with native grace,  
In bright profusion round her smiling face;  
And as some woodlark, in its native plain,  
Swells with wild harmony the varied strain,  
Ellena's voice possessed a powerful charm  
To melt the stubborn, and the cold to warm,  
Like David's harp, to bid wild tumult cease,  
And sooth the discord of the soul to peace.

Her eyes effus'd a more enlightning ray,  
 A purer dawn of intellectual day :  
 For Nature, like some fairy, at her birth,  
 Endow'd her with each gift of mental worth ;  
 So sweet she look'd, as if the earthly veil,  
 Too fine th' imprison'd angel to conceal,  
 But faintly shrouded a celestial grace,  
 That beam'd with soften'd radiance from her face.

So young, so good, so lovely, so belov'd,  
 All eyes were charm'd, and ev'ry heart was mov'd.  
 Ellena's praise was rumour's fav'rite theme,  
 And rival crouds of kneeling vot'ries came :  
 For Fortune, fond her graces to unfold,  
 Had plac'd this diamond in a shrine of gold.  
 But had bleak Poverty been doom'd to shroud  
 Its vivid lustre in her chilling cloud,—  
 Oh, had this gem of precious price been found  
 With rubbish mix'd, neglected on the ground,  
 Full many a breast, whose arrogance and pride,  
 Like Æsop's cock, would spurn the pearl aside,  
 Now tempted by the richness of the shrine,  
 With fond devotion hail its rays divine !

Her father's tenderness repress'd his voice,  
 He neither urg'd, nor would restrain her choice ;  
And

And she disdain'd that disingenuous art,  
That first allures, and then rejects a heart;  
That soothes the passion which it means to scorn,  
And plants in Hope's soft breast the poignant thorn;  
Her lib'ral mind, with early wisdom fraught,  
(For oft' she read, and very oft' she thought,)  
Let no aspirer o'er the rest prevail,  
But weigh'd them all in candour's equal scale.—

---

"Another hiatus, (said Lord Raymond;) here several pages are torn away."

"Ah, what a pity! (said Miss Eleanora.) That Ellena must have been a divine creature; and since she had so many admirers, in all probability we should have heard of her falling deeply in love with one or other of them."

"Aye, to be sure, (said Richard,) you girls never rest thinking of love, until you get yourselves married: but the devil a one of you trouble your heads much about it afterwards."

"I wish, my Lord, (said Rosina,) your friend had not made such unmerciful havock. I begin to be interested:—pray proceed.

Meantime,

Meantime, by coldness chill'd, the suitors fly,  
 For love by hope uncherish'd soon will die;  
 To other plains and kinder nymphs they rov'd,  
 And left Ellena to the peace she lov'd.  
 The first dear object of her tender cares,  
 To sooth her aged fire's declining years;  
 His grateful bosom felt the gentle charm,  
 And oft' he lean'd delighted on her arm;  
 And as with artless tenderness she smil'd,  
 Ador'd the Power who gave this lovely child.

One ev'ning, as they wander'd through the vale,  
 She sweetly list'ning to an oft'-told tale,  
 A youthful stranger chanc'd to cross the way,  
 A peasant swain in neat but plain array:  
 Adown his shoulders hung his auburn locks,  
 And at his back a satchel fill'd with books.

Our worthy 'squire, whose use it was to greet  
 Each wand'ring passenger he chanc'd to meet,  
 Address'd the youth with kind and cordial smile,  
 And ask'd if he had journey'd many a mile?  
 Whether to walk all night was his intent!  
 Or to what neighb'ring village he was bent?

The youth with modest sweetness thus replied,  
 And as he spoke full bitterly he sigh'd:—

“ Claim'd

" Claim'd by no kindred, cherish'd by no friend,  
To no peculiar spot my steps I bend.  
The child of mis'ry, to misfortune born,  
Of all the human race the most forlorn,  
I seek a refuge for this destin'd head,  
But chance alone directs the paths I tread."

" Say, rather, Heaven! (exclaim'd the pitying  
maid ;)

For doubtless Heaven has sent us to your aid.  
But, stranger, tell, for surely we can trace  
A mind superior to the vulgar race:  
Tell why such mean and sordid weeds as these  
Disgrace your courtly mien and polish'd phrase."

As from her lips the gentle accents flow,  
The stranger's cheeks with vivid blushes glow ;  
He hangs his head, and thro' his shadowing hair,  
Darts timid glances at th' unconscious fair.

---

" Here is a horrible chasm, (said Lord Raymond;) the pages which are torn away contain the history of the young peasant."

" Ah, how unmerciful! (said Miss Eleanora;)  
and I could lay a wager that he will turn out in  
the



the end to be a disguised baron, or some such illustrious chieftain."

"Possibly he may," said Lord Raymond.

---

Now the mild moon, with majesty serene,  
Diffus'd her placid lustre o'er the scene;  
With loit'ring step they homewards bent their way,  
Led through the dark wood by the silver ray;  
When, lo! a solemn sound stole on their ears,  
Soft as the somphony of tuneful spheres;  
'Twas Demid's voice, the bard who knew full well  
To wrap the soul in music's magic spell.  
They check their steps in sudden awe, and see  
The aged minstrel leaning 'gainst a tree:  
The little boy that led him in his road,  
Sunk in soft slumber, press'd the velvet sod.  
For, ah! the poor old Demid's fate unkind  
Had form'd him, like his father, Ossian, blind.  
Yet oft, when Heaven has quench'd the visual ray,  
It pours a tenfold flood of mental day.  
Less warp'd by passion from her steady course,  
Does reason rule with more collective force?  
Do the rich gems of genius burn more bright,  
Like stars that borrow lustre from the night?

Are

Are the sweet energies of thought impress,  
With tenderer transport on the tuneful breast,  
To fire to brighter flights the impassion'd mind?  
Else, why were Homer, Milton, Ossian blind?

Round Demid's form a russet robe was flung,  
As bending graceful o'er his harp he hung,  
The moon-beams quiv'ring thro' the tufted shade,  
Play'd with soft radiance round his hoary head.  
In sorrow's softest notes, the good old man  
The plaintive tale of Armyn thus began.—

---

THE SONG OF ARMYN.

SAD! I am sad, indeed! not light the woe  
That bids these eyes their streams eternal pour.  
No warrior son the terror of the foe,  
Oh, Irisnor! hast thou follow'd to the tomb  
No lovely daughter, like a vernal flow'r  
Crush'd by a lingering storm of wintry snow,  
Sunk to the cold earth in her roseate bloom!  
Thy children flourish fair in beauty's grace,  
But Armyn is the last of all his race!

Rise, ye winds of Autumn, rise,  
Wildly lash the foaming waves,  
Mountains, from your dreary caves  
Pour the black mists o'er the skies.

Moon,

Moon, amid the turbid air  
 Dimly shew thy blotted sphere !  
 Gush, gush, ye torrents ! Ye loud thunders, roll !  
 On this white head, ye forked light'nings, dart.  
 Howl, ye wild spirits of the tempest, howl,  
 And call that night of horror to my heart !  
 That night of horror when Arindal fell,  
 And Daura bade the world farewell !  
 O, Daura, O, my daughter ! thou wert bright  
 As moon-beams trembling on Morveno's vale;  
 Fair as the fleecy snow on Ardven's height;  
 Soft as the turtle brooding in the vale !

---

" Here, (said Lord Raymond,) two pages, which  
 contain, as I suppose, the disastrous story of the  
 children of the old man, are entirely torn away."

---

When the wild tempests of the mountains roar,  
 Forlorn I wander on the sounding shore ;  
 When ocean bids his hollow surges rise,  
 Upon that fatal rock I fix my eyes.  
 Oft' by the setting moon's last glimmering rays  
 I see their shadowy spectres as I gaze.  
 In mournful conference o'er the heath they go.  
 Ah, in pity to my woe

Hear,

Hear, Arindal! Daura, hear!  
Stay, ye pale forms, ye haggard phantoms, stay!  
See a father's deep despair.

Alas, they wave their heads, and glide away!  
They flit before the tempests as they sweep;  
Their shadowy forms are mingled with the deep!

He ceas'd. Our wand'ers list'ning as he sung,  
With mute attention on his accents hung;  
The sad notes vibrate on Ellena's breast,  
Which, like the harp by airy fingers prest,  
Sighs at each breeze, and trembles at each gale,  
With more than female softness form'd to feel:  
Soft as that murm'ring lyre, when fairy wings  
Of whisp'ring zephyrs sweep the silver strings.

And now returning in a little group,  
The antique hall receiv'd our gentle troop:  
With hospitable care, our good old 'squire  
Made Demid chafe his fingers at the fire:  
A tripod sacred to this rev'rend guest—  
A three-legg'd stool was in the chimney plac'd.—

---

“Another interruption, (said Lord Raymond :)  
two or three pages have been demolished in this  
place.”

Meantime,

Meantime, as one of more exalted mind,  
To higher scenes the stranger was consign'd.

“ With some, (O'Brian said,) your humble birth  
Might cast a shadow to eclipse your worth ;  
But when our candid reason throws aside  
Each little partial prejudice of pride,  
That worth most truly honourable seems,  
Which bursts the cloud, and shines with native  
beams.

But, as dependence is a chain that binds  
In hateful fetters, elevated minds ;  
Whilst underneath this roof you wish to rest,  
Not as a menial, but a friend and guest,  
Your pupil in this gentle maid behold,  
She wants your knowledge, and you want her gold.”

---

“ But, how the devil did he come by all this knowledge ! (interrupted Richard.) Was it out of the two or three books that he carried in a satchel at his back that he got it ? But it makes out the proverb, that liars have need of good memories. A fine old fellow, to set up a common spalpeen, by way of school-master to his daughter.”

“ Lord,



"Lord, (said Miss Eleanora,) how you cavil at every thing! Don't you see it was his superior education that recommended him to the notice of the old gentleman and Miss Ellena? For there's no room to doubt of his being a young Lord in disguise; and you'll see she will fall in love with him by and bye."

"Aye, you are plaguy fond of making lords and ladies of every body! Now, don't you take it into your head that I, too, am some great grandee or other?"

"Indeed, Mr. Richard, it has frequently occurred to me, that you must have been changed at nurse; so little do you resemble all the rest of your family."

"Never heed it, (said Richard,) I'll be up-sides with you for that cut, yet."

"Pray, my Lord, read on," said Rosina.

"Here (said Lord Raymond) are several pages entire."

Meantime,

Meantime, the youth, assiduous in his care,  
And earnest to instruct the docile fair,  
Spreads to her view a variegated store,  
And leads her mind through paths untrod before:  
And tho' some thorns amid the flow'rs she found,  
Some 'tangled labyrinths and uneven ground,  
The youthful tutor clears the way with ease,  
And guides her ardent footsteps through the maze.  
He plumes her daring wing to soar on high,  
And view the glorious wonders of the sky:  
But whilst the silver spheres around her roll,  
Less heav'nly ardours seize her kindling soul:  
More than the music of those silver sphere's,  
The tutor's gentle accents charm her ears:  
As drinks the orient flow'r the morning beam,  
Her soul expands to catch th' extatic flame!

And was it then the father's guardian care  
That led th' unconscious virgin to the snare?  
He thought not she, who scorn'd a courtly train  
Of wealthy youths, could love a simple swain.  
Alas! why knew he not no chain can bind  
The free affections of the noble mind,  
Which, consecrate to Nature's holy shrine,  
Spurn each vile idol with a zeal divine:  
Ambition, interest, all the sordid pow'rs  
Which, self-enslav'd, the erring world adores!

O, when

O, when two breasts, with equal virtues fraught,  
With equal sense, and elegance of thought,  
Releas'd from tyrant custom's harsh control,  
In social freedom mingle soul with soul,  
How dear the tie, how tender, and how fond!  
And honour sanctifies the lovely bond.

Beware, ye parents, nor with hand profane  
Attempt to violate that silver chain!  
To quench that fire, whose vital flame imparts  
Immortal energy to human hearts.

But Ellen knew the tender duteous cares  
She ow'd her father in his aged years.  
Ah! could her hand resolve to wound that breast,  
Her infant place of refuge and of rest,  
Whose fond affection had so well supplied  
A mother's place,—her father, friend, and guide!  
She knew her fire, impatient of disgrace,  
And jealous of the honour of his race,  
Would sooner with her blood should cease to flow,  
Than see it mingled with a stream so low.  
Thus the sweet suff'rer, like the Spartan child,  
Who hid his theft, and 'midst his tortures smil'd,  
Conceal'd her agony, and veil'd with art  
The stolen passion preying on her heart.

Instructed

Instructed by a sentiment refin'd,  
An inborn worth and dignity of mind,  
She left her lessons, threw her books aside,  
And shunn'd her tutor with a modest pride.  
The young preceptor's varying cheek express'd  
The secret tumult of his alter'd breast;  
His eyes, too, question'd; and the gentle fair  
Felt their mute language more than she could bear.  
Yet still by honour's voice exactly sway'd,  
And to herself severe, th' heroic maid  
With prudent caution from the field withdrew,  
And where she could not conquer, nobly flew.

At a wild mountain's foot, 'midst shaking bogs,  
Where never sun-beams pierc'd the hov'ring fogs,  
The victim of time's desolating power,  
There stands a half-delapidated tower;  
Far as the eye can reach brown marshes spread,  
And horrid rocks hang threat'ning o'er the head.  
There, never breathe the balmy airs of spring,  
There, never warbling minstrel spreads its wing,  
But owls and bats, and all that gloomy train,  
In unmolested quiet hold their reign.  
Such was the refuge poor Ellena sought  
To sooth to peace her agitated thought;  
For here she knew no keen enquiring eye,  
The secret conflicts of her soul might spy.

Her



Her god-mother, a dame of noble race,  
Had long possess'd this antiquated place;  
So very long, that rolling years had stole  
All energy and vigour from her soul:  
Almost a Sthrulbug, sunk in childish ease,  
She doz'd away the remnant of her days  
With five old servants, and with three old priests,  
Who had become her self-invited guests.

Soon as the nymph in this lone dome appear'd,  
Th' astonish'd family around her star'd;  
They view the beauteous phantom with surprise,  
And, lost in wonder, rub their aching eyes:  
Not greater did the gazing devil's feel,  
When Pluto brought his blooming bride to hell!  
They look as if a sudden sunny ray  
Had burst the glooms, and chas'd their fogs away!

Their lady press'd Ellena's hands the while,  
And stretch'd her lips to something like a smile.  
Her palsied limbs, unequal to her weight,  
Confine her always to her cushion'd seat;  
Deep in their sockets sunk, her eye-balls roll,  
And scarce express the animating soul;  
Her falt'ring accents speak their sad decay,  
And ev'ry straggling tress of silv'ry grey



Old Time has pluck'd, and left the matron's crown  
E'en still more bald than painters make his own.

The nymph, in pity to this weight of years,  
Hung on her neck, and bath'd her in her tears.  
Ah, fruitless drops! not heaven's ætherial dew  
Could give this wither'd stump to bloom anew!  
Long on its roots the chilling snows are spread,  
And long the blasts have whistled round its head;  
The elements have left it, in their strife,  
But little more than vegetable life.  
A toothless hound, once fav'rite of her lord,  
Stretch'd at her feet, in tranquil slumber snor'd;  
And three majestic cats, with age grown grey,  
In grim repose, on crimson cushions lay.

Ellena's bosom felt a gloomy dread,  
She seem'd to range the regions of the dead,  
Some charnel-vault, where shadowy spectres walk,  
Or catacomb, where shrivell'd mummies stalk.

Here, 'midst the mould'ring walls and ivy'd tow'rs,  
The cheerless damsel pass'd the ling'ring hours;  
And when with blunted ray, the star of night  
O'er the wild ruins glanc'd a trembling light,  
Beneath the shadow of sepulchral yews,  
In meditation lost, she lov'd to muse;

And felt the murm' rings of the waving boughs,  
 Which broke at intervals the drear repose,  
 And mournful screamings of th' ill-boding owl,  
 Congenial with the sadness of her soul.

Yet, 'midst these solemn scenes, hope's sprightly  
 beam

O'er her sad bosom cast a quiv'ring gleam:  
 One fond idea, dearer than the rest,  
 With sweet emotion flutter'd at her breast.  
 "What if the stranger youth had coin'd a tale,  
 And wrapp'd the truth in simulation's veil!  
 'Tis true, a hermit might assist his toils,  
 And store his mind with literary spoils:  
 But could the tenant of a shepherd's cot  
 Reject all traces of his vulgar lot,  
 And learn, self-taught, the elegance of scenes  
 Where polish'd life in all its lustre reigns!  
 Th' angelic virtues may delight to dwell  
 With meek retirement, in her moss-grown cell:  
 But never were th' harmonious graces seen  
 With rustic labour sporting on the green;  
 Ordain'd in elevated spheres to move,  
 To rival beauty, and to conquer love;  
 To bask in courtly favour's purple rays,  
 And spread their pinions to the regal blaze!"

And now the quick conviction seem'd to dart,  
 Like fire electric, to Ellena's heart;  
 Swift as the soaring lark she wings her way,  
 Not by her friends too warmly press'd to stay,  
 For years and solitude had left their souls —  
 As dull and torpid as their bats and owls;  
 She quits with beating heart the lone retreat,  
 And quickly reaches the paternal seat.

But whilst she shares her father's fond embrace,  
 His trickling tears bedew her glowing face;  
 She feels a sad presentiment of woe,  
 And wishing to enquire, yet dreads to know.

“ My father ! ah, what grief ! ” — “ My lovely  
 child,

( And as he spoke he wip'd his eyes and smil'd,  
 Let not the weakness of this aged breast,  
 Too easily alarm'd, and oft' distressed  
 At trifling ills, awake your tender fears. ” —

“ Ah, not a trifle could excite your tears !  
 My father, speak ! 'Tis true I lov'd the swain.”  
 ( Ellena's bosom felt a sudden pain. )

“ To fondness lov'd the swain, ( the 'squire pursued, )  
 His form so pleasing, and his soul so good !  
 Surpris'd in such a lowly sphere to find  
 Such manly sense and rectitude of mind,

I wish'd

I wish'd that Heaven had sent me such a son,  
And could with joy have claim'd him as my own."

"In pity speak!" exclaim'd the trembling maid.  
Then, fearful lest her feelings were betray'd,  
She stopt abrupt, her utterance repress'd  
By the wild tumults of her tortur'd breast.

"Your young preceptor's gone!" O'Brian  
said.

"Gone! Whither gone?" exclaim'd th' astonish'd  
maid.

"Alas, I know not. Time may throw a light  
On the dark mystery of his sudden flight!"

Ellena hears no more; dark mists arise,  
Chill all her powers, and veil her closing eyes;  
A dismal, death-like interval of rest  
Damps the keen feelings of her tortur'd breast.

Ah, transient calm, like the first rays of light  
That chase the horrors of the wintry night,  
The dawning ray returning reason casts,  
Displays the ravage of th' unpitying blasts;  
Those storms of fortune whose severe control  
Blights each fond wish, and desolates her soul!



Yet still, in honour's noble pride elate,  
 Her fortitude, superior to her fate,  
 The eye of keen observance to beguile,  
 O'er her soft features throws a gentle smile.  
 In silent shades the stricken deer may weep,  
 But is the pang less sharp, the wound less deep!

Far in the dell, embower'd in woody shade,  
 A rustic grot is found, by nature made;  
 Around its entrance myrtles wreath their boughs,  
 And bursting from the rock a fountain flows.  
 In the deep bosom of this savage glade  
 Ellena lov'd to hide her languid head.  
 Here, as beneath a myrtle's shade reclin'd,  
 Whilst anxious thought engag'd her pensive mind,  
 She chanc'd to cast her eyes around, and mark  
 A long inscription carv'd upon the bark.

#### THE INSCRIPTION.

NYMPH of these humid grots and trickling rills,  
 Fair inmate of those visionary cells,  
 Where meditation dwells,  
 Receive me to your solitary haunts!  
 No more I wander o'er the sunny hills,  
 Where the gay woodbine flaunts.

Come,



Come, gentle nymph, and bend thy drooping head,  
And weep! for thou hast silver drops to shed!

O, fount! whose breast reflects the clear serene,  
Thy careless waters glide  
Smooth as when on thy side  
She trod the velvet sod, and brighten'd ev'ry scene.  
When on thy bank she stood,  
The grey-hair'd maids view'd her with amaze:  
And on the softening mirror of thy flood  
I dare to gaze!

A fairer Venus in the wave I trace,  
Of more attractive charms, and more angelic  
grace.

In vain I watch thy waters as they flow;  
No pictur'd angel smiles below,  
But sun-beams quiver in thy tide,  
And pensive willows weep, and roses glow.  
Ah, faithless fount! though clouds obscure the  
gleam,  
Though rude hands pluck the blushing rose,  
And tear the willow from thy side,  
How little recks thy cold ungrateful stream,  
Which devious in its wild meanders flows,  
Unmindful of the willow, rose, or beam.

Oh! how unlike my breast!  
 Nor lapse of time, nor all th' events that wait  
 On dark and dubious fate,  
 Can blot the bright resemblance there impress!

Nymph of the fount! when next her footsteps  
 rove

Along the windings of this mazy dale,

Ah, should they seek thy grot,

And find this haunted spot,

Then whisper to her ear his plaintive tale,

Who, as he dar'd to gaze, has dar'd to love!

Say, in defiance of disdain,

He proudly holds his myrtle chain,

Dearer than the laurel crown,

Glorious symbol of renown;

Dearer than the deathless bays,

Emblem of immortal praise;

Dear as the zones of light that angels wear,

Or starry crowns that fainted martyrs bear!

Ye kindred spirits, form'd by Heav'n to prove  
 Th' enchanting sympathies of mutual love,

Can

Can the faint power of cold description tell  
What those who never love can never feel !  
Those sweet sensations which no strength of speech,  
No florid pomp of language e'er could reach !  
Ah, need I say this consecrated grot  
Became the sweet Ellena's fav'rite spot ;  
That there she dar'd to breathe her lover's name,  
And kiss the dear memento of his flame :  
That there the morn oft' found th' enamour'd fair,  
And oft' the star of eve surpris'd her there !  
What vivid tints from glowing fancy caught  
With bright delusions fed her raptur'd thought !  
No more a simple swain of humble birth,  
Her equal now in honour as in worth,  
Her lov'd preceptor comes : a father's voice  
Approves his flame, and sanctifies her choice :  
A father leads her steps to Hymen's fane,  
And fluttering Cupids bind the rosy chain.

Thus the lorn trav'ler, who, all the day,  
Has trac'd o'er desert sands his toilsome way,  
If at the ev'ning, hour, o'er western skies  
The setting sun-beams dart their splendant dies,  
Charm'd with the soft effulgence, as it plays,  
Propp'd on his staff, the pilgrim turns to gaze,  
Forgets the recent evils of his fate,  
Nor recks the perils which yet lie in wait,

Till night, soft stealing from the East, appears,  
 To quench the radiance in her dewy tears :  
 At her approach the fainting lustre fades,  
 And deep, and deeper fall the thick'ning shades,  
 Till the poor wand'rer sees, with conscious dread,  
 Her midnight horrors closing round his head.

For now three moons in silver state had reign'd,  
 And slowly wax'd, and full as slowly wan'd,  
 Since the dull hours a change to Ellen brought,  
 But sadder bodings of prophetic thought.  
 Hope, like a dove, had brooded at her breast,  
 Till chas'd by sorrow from that place of rest,  
 Round thought's wide range the trembling wanderer goes,  
 But finds no sacred symbol of repose,  
 No friendly spray amid the desert gloom,  
 To rest her foot, and smooth her ruffled plume !

---

“ And here, (said Lord Raymond,) my friend  
 Spencer, after having reduced his heroine to this  
 piteous extremity, has either most inhumanly left  
 her in the lurch, or unmercifully demolished that  
 part



part of the manuscript which contained the remainder of her adventures."

"I am glad of it, (cried Richard;) for if it was not for the straw-berries, I should have been set a-snoring long ago. I wonder what the devil drove it into the fellow's head to bore me with his poetical balderdash. I am sure, if he had a grain of sense in his numscull, he might have seen with half an eye that I was none of your smock-faced sentimental jack-a-dandies."

"O, how Gothic! (exclaimed Miss Eleonora.) I protest you have no more sensibility than a rhinoceros! Do you know, I could scarcely refrain from weeping, it's so vastly pathetic, particularly that last simile, about hope and the dove. But you see I was right in my conjecture. Indeed, it was not to be supposed that a vulgar wretch of a peasant could express himself so prettily. I am quite on the fidgets to know whether they are to be married or not. What an old Vandal that must have been, my Lord, to advise your friend to make such unmerciful havock."

"By my troth, (said Richard,) there is more than is good of it left; and if the old cogger had



smoked his pipe with the rest of it, it would have been doing no great injury to posterity."

"Indeed, (said Rosina,) I am greatly interested in the fate of poor Ellena. I think, my Lord, there are still several pages which you have not read."

"There are, (said Lord Raymond;) but they seem to be a detached fragment; and I doubt whether they bear any relation to her story. But you shall judge for yourselves."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

FRAGMENTS.

**T**H'appointed morning came. The earliest  
guest

Was father Mulligan, the parish-priest.  
Soon as his horses' clatt'ring hoofs were heard,  
A croud of rustics fill'd the stable-yard:  
Around his beast with pious zeal they ran,  
And, humbly bending, hail'd the holy man.  
Not with more pride did Rome's stern pontiffs glow,  
When prostrate monarchs kiss'd the sacred toe;  
But never yet did priest-rid monarch feel  
Such blind submission or such bigot-zeal.  
The priest look'd round, indignant, ere he spoke,  
Then thus the soul-àppalling silence broke.

“ Was't

“ Was’t one of you, ye hellish pack of rogues,  
 Stole Paddy Blarney’s bran new pair of brogues ?  
 Ogh ! you’re the devil’s own brood ! and he won’t  
 fail

To have it out of you in malt or meal.  
 You, spalpeen, with a gallows face, d’ye hear,  
 Why don’t you send me home that cask of beer ?  
 So Juggy Hoggins, what are you about ?  
 Is my yarn spun yet ? Is the clutch come out ?  
 Why don’t you fetch me home them fowl to cram ?  
 You, Nell Mulroony, where’s that little lamb ?  
 Moll Doran promis’d me a pair of pullets,  
 But, oh ! you’d rather cram your own curs’d gullets.  
 I vow to man I’m dwindling to a rod ;—  
 Fine usage for a clargy sent from God !  
 The devil burn the pastor in the nation  
 Has half so beggarly a congregation ;  
 A set of varmint !—but I humbly hope  
 That every mother’s son will find a rope.”

As thus the priest his godly mattins sung,  
 The squire’s appearance stopp’d his fine harangue.  
 Not shortly were the salutations o’er,  
 For young O’Donnel met them at the door.  
 With much respect our hospitable squire  
 Bestow’d his rev’rence at the parlour-fire.

—  
 “ Come,

"Come, boy! (he cried) and take away my coat.  
That's right;—so, clap your toe upon my boot.—  
That's my fine lad! Now, do you hear, my honey,  
Be sure you don't forget to feed my poney?  
The devil a taste he got to-day at all;  
An empty sack can't stand agin a wall.  
Ogh, ogh! upon my soul, myself is weary;—  
The devil burn that plaguey Tipperary!  
The road's so dirty, and its so far off,  
Besides, I am hamper'd with this cursed cough;  
It makes a body so fatigued and weak.—  
Pray, hav'nt you nothing here that one could take?  
A plate of ham, or dish of cold goose-pie,  
And something for to drink, for, troth! I'm dry."

He said. Obedient to the seer's commands,  
The dishes flew, as if by magic hands;  
The silver tankards foam'd with gen'rous beer,  
And good old port, and porter strong and clear;  
And cacage,† that sparkled like champaigne,  
And stout old whisky, mix'd with fruit, and plain.  
Well pleas'd he view'd the cheer, nor did he fail  
To make, as he was wont, a mortal meal;  
Then in his hand he grasp'd the foaming can:—  
"Squire, towards your health; and your's, young  
gentleman.—

I knew

† A sort of cyder.



I knew your father after he was dead ;  
As sweet a corps as ever wore a head.  
And you're his very moral ;—faith and troth !  
A body'd swear he spit you from his mouth.  
He was my cousin too, for both did spring  
From great O'Driscall, Munster's famous king.  
Our ancestors wore crowns upon the brow,  
But, by my soul, their sons want *half-crowns* now.  
Ogh ! 'tis a grievous sight to see our lands  
And rich possishins in them devils' hands.  
Well, and who knows but we may make them pay,  
For every dog, you know, must have his day."

" We have our day, (replied the gen'rous youth,  
Whose candid bosom glow'd with love of truth.)  
Let not a narrow zeal your reason blind,  
And nourish peevish discord in your mind.  
Let's henceforth banish each disgraceful feud,  
Each low reproach, illiberal and rude.  
The right of conquest gives a just command,  
And by that right the English rule the land.  
Our ancient jealousies and discords cease,  
Twin'd in the olive-wreaths of dove-like peace ;  
Fond unions flourish in her genial smile,  
And love fraternal glows through all the isle ;  
One spirit seems to animate each frame,  
And burns in every breast the patriot-flame.

With



With parent love, relenting in our cause,  
 Our country abrogates the penal laws,  
 Bursts each vile bond, and woos, with tender grace,  
 Her alien children to her fond embrace.  
 Now, say, had fortune giv'n us force to chace  
 From this fair island the invading race,  
 Would Romish zeal more tenderness display,  
 And rule the vanquish'd with a softer sway?"

The Doctor ey'd him with a side-long scowl,  
 Then mutter'd, " Pratty talk, upon my soul !  
 The right of conquest ! — By my faith and con-  
 science,

In all my life I never heard such nonsense !  
 A fine comparison to make indeed !  
 The heathen curs that never told a bead !  
 I wish our saint would sweep the toads away,  
 With th'other ven'mous reptiles to the sea.  
 What ! if for lands we'd leave them in the lurch,  
 We'd give them all the rites of mother-church,  
 Free them from Satan's bondage and control,  
 And, if we damn'd the body, save the soul."

O'Donnel view'd him with indignant eye ;  
 He smil'd contempt, but deign'd not to reply.

And

And next advanc'd to hail the nuptial star  
Three sister-graces, on a low-back'd car ;  
Sprung from a family well known to fame  
In ancient days,—O'Shaucknessy its name :  
But all th'illustrious wights, by birth allied,  
Had left them nought but poverty and pride,—  
A pride which on departed grandeur fed,  
And feasted, like a worm, upon the dead.

No beam of beauty shone with parting ray,  
For youth had flown on rapid plumes away;  
Yet tawdry still, and fond to vain excess  
Of every paltry ornament of dress,  
Each nymph around her wrinkled face had spread,  
(Each face as platter flat, as cart-wheel red,)  
A monstrous footy mass of borrow'd hair,  
And long bead pendants dangled from each ear.  
Mants of stiff damask rattled on the ground,  
Treasures which in their grandam's hoards were  
found;  
And round her furious wig each nymph unfurls  
Her flaming vanes, and perks her gorgon curls.

The next, who claim'd admittance at the gate,  
Was dame O'Mailly, in her coach of state;  
Dragg'd through the bogs in this uncouth machine,  
Which seven long years the light had never seen;  
But,

But, whilst, beneath its venerable shade,  
In sweet composure, hens and turkies laid,  
Their num'rous progenies of fluttering young  
Flew grateful round, and crown'd it with their dung.

The dame herself was lofty in her mein,  
Portly in size, and haughty as a queen.  
A milk-white kerchief crown'd her reverend brows,  
On which full eighty years had shed their snows;  
In her rich robes the artist had display'd  
Each forest-tree that casts a spreading shade;  
Which, when she walk'd, retrac'd the moving scene  
Of Birnam-wood's approach to Dunfinane.

Next Squire M'Cluskey, with his broad squat  
dame,  
And twelve wild roaring imps of children came;  
Unbroke by discipline, and swol'n with pride,  
Fierce as young elephants on Gange's side,  
They flew like rav'nous harpies at the feast,  
And snatch'd the food from every staring guest!  
On horseback some, and some on foot came  
stumping,  
And many a damsel came on pillion bumping.  
Came cousin Judy with her cousin Terry,  
And cousin Biddy with her cousin Larry.——

“ And

“And here (said Lord Raymond) our manuscript ends abruptly.”

“Ah! (cried Miss Eleanora,) I do not know whether I am most charmed or disappointed. I wish to heaven that old Gothic barbarian at Holyhead had been sunk in the ocean, before he persuaded your friend to destroy so enchanting a composition!”

“Do you know, (said Richard,) that I fancy I should like that fellow better than I thought I should. I am beginning to find out that he has some spunk in him, and I do not doubt but he could write a good funny ballad, if he had a mind. I wish I knew where to find him, and I would go and invite him to dine with us to-morrow. It would be an excellent joke if I could get him to write a good song to the tune of Derry down, all about the buxom widow and a certain old knight that has fallen in love lately, winking at Lord Raymond.”

“From what I have heard related by others, (said Rosina to Lord Raymond,) as well as from what has fallen under my own observation, I am convinced that your friend’s descriptive sketches  
of



of the parish-priest, and other guests, are not in the least over-charged. The descendants of the ancient Irish still retain much originality of character, manners, and language ; and, though there may be found amongst their clergy some men of worth, erudition, and politeness, the number is comparatively so small, that this good Father Mulligan is a faithful representative of by much the greatest part of them. In general, they tyrannize with the most despotic sway over their poor deluded flock, who, as they are taught to believe that their eternal welfare lies at the mercy of their pastors, yield to their injunctions with the abject submission of superstitious ignorance, and receive their decrees, however absurd and irrational, with a veneration little short of idolatry."

The young ladies, who were afraid of staying out late, took leave of Rosina, with a promise of repeating their visit very shortly.



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CHAP. XIX.NEW SNARES ARE SPREAD FOR ROSINA.  

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No real tenderness could warm a heart  
Too proud to feel, too selfish too impart.

**M**RS. Grubton and her daughter now plainly perceiving that assuming any hectoring airs to Sir Gregory would not in the least avail to dissuade him from his matrimonial purpose, began to adopt a different style of conduct, and to endeavour to regain the old gentleman's good graces; whilst he, by no means choosing to be teased with any expostulations on the subject of his intended marriage, kept aloof, and purposely avoided giving any encouragement to their reconciliatory advances.

Mean

Mean time, ashamed of his tedious negotiations with old Austin, he purchased almost all the shrubs in his garden; and, impatient to conclude his other business, would have hastened to strike his matrimonial bargain also, had he not been prevented by Lord Raymond, who, not choosing to be deprived of so convenient a cloak, endeavoured all in his power to repress the impatience of the enamoured Baronet, whilst his other confidant, the little Crookback, stimulated no less by his passion for fun, than by the satisfaction he enjoyed in the mortification of Mrs. Grubton and her daughter, contributed as much as possible to spur and goad the matrimonial inclinations of poor Sir Gregory, who, thus urged onwards by Richard, and drawn backwards by Lord Raymond, continued to vibrate in a very disagreeable sort of equilibrium.

In the mean time, the young ladies often stole a visit to Rosina, and Lord Raymond, who continued his gallantries to Miss Eleanora, was their constant attendant. Thus scarcely a day passed in which he did not see Rosina, and it is not to be supposed that so consummate a politician suffered those opportunities to escape without improvement. Lord Raymond pursued the course prescribed by Yorick; and, by a train of assiduities,

“ nei-

“neither so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood;” by a thousand endearing, though indescribable indications of esteem, of tenderness, and admiration, his aims were but too well accomplished, and the susceptible and grateful bosom of Rosina became but too sensible of his imaginary virtues. He was neither slow to mark this advantage, nor negligent to profit by it. He perceived her growing prepossession, and omitted no circumstance which might contribute to increase it. In his solitary excursions, he often entered the cottages of the neighbouring peasants, caressed their children, made them presents, and relieved such amongst them as were in distressed circumstances with unsparing liberality. Thus each day Rosina was gratified by hearing encomiums poured out with all the lavish profusion of gratitude on the man she preferred, on his humanity, his gentleness, his affability, and benevolence. How fondly does the fervor of youthful fancy aggravate every virtue which exists, or seems to exist, in the object of its partiality! Lord Raymond appeared to Rosina’s prejudiced imagination superior to the rest of mankind; and, simple, ingenuous, and unconscious of impropriety in her sentiments, she took but little pains to conceal them.

In

In the few opportunities he enjoyed of speaking to her alone, he often, with hypocritical affliction, bewailed the unhappy turn of his father's character, and expatiated with great energy and pathos on the blindness of sacrificing happiness to ambition.

"Good heaven! (he exclaimed, in an affected transport,) what a strange infatuation is that which leads the erring imagination of man to connect the idea of felicity with those of pomp and titles!

"O my lovely friend! were my heart at liberty to pursue its own dictates, I would woo celestial happiness in her favourite sphere, — the sweet and serene region of rural retirement. Never should one vagrant wish wander beyond the threshold of this cottage, where, arrayed in every grace that captivates the imagination, she dwells with my Rosina!"

He kissed her hand with rapture as he spoke, and, when he beheld the timid blushes and tremulous emotion of his destined victim, he enjoyed the success of his artifices with self-applauding exultation. His professions of tenderness, however, were always indirect, and seemed rather



ther to owe their origin to an overflowing of sentiments too ardent to be restrained, than to any premeditated avowal of affection. After these sudden effusions, he hastily changed the conversation, with the air of a man who fears he has been inadvertently betrayed into too unguarded a disclosure of feelings which he ought to conceal.

As soon as Rosina became conscious of her growing attachment to Lord Raymond, she endeavoured to repress it; but the efforts of her prudence were faint and feeble, when opposed to so powerful an ascendant. Hope, too, the fond flatterer of the youthful breast, began to exhibit to her imagination, "the rainbow forms she paints on air."

The prospect of the recovery of the estate of her ancestors, which had hitherto appeared so empty and romantic, seemed by degrees to acquire form and substance. The more she reflected on past transactions, particularly the proposal of old Nettleby, and the subsequent addresses of his nephew, both which she well knew had been induced by the prospect of this event, the more she became persuaded that its probability

5

amounted



amounted almost to certainty ; for such addresses appeared to her not only the most indisputable proofs of the validity of her claim, but also the strongest presumptive evidence that it would be ratified by justice. It is, however, more than probable that these old title-deeds, &c. might have still rested unheeded in some dark corner of her memory, had they not been explored by the busy power of hope, and drawn from their obscurity to be moulded by her plastic hand into a foundation for one of the most bright and beauteous structures that the sweet enchantress ever erected for the residence of visionary felicity.

“ Yes, (said Rosina to herself,) Lord Raymond loves me. The attachment he would conceal evinces itself by a thousand involuntary instances of tenderness, too fervent to be restrained. In compliance with his father’s ambition, he struggles to repress the strong emotions of his heart ; he sees the obstacles which that ambition will oppose to his wishes ; but, when those obstacles no longer exist, — when restored to my hereditary rights, and put in possession of a fortune, which, having accumulated for so many years, must by this time be splendid, what farther opposition

can he then offer to the disinterested passion of his son !”

Then she continued to represent to herself the rapturous congratulations of her beloved benefactress, and to enjoy the disappointed malice which would rankle in the bosom of Fitzosborne, on beholding that she owed her happiness and exaltation to those very plans which he had concerted for her destruction.

Such were the gay “ day-dreams” which soothed the imagination of Rosina, like the innocent victim, which, in unsuspecting security, “ crops its flowery food,” whilst the weapon, that is destined to pour its blood upon the altar, vibrates above its head.

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CHAP. XX.

## MATRIMONIAL NEGOCIATIONS.

SIX weeks had now elapsed since the commencement of Sir Gregory's passion for Rosina; and, thinking he had now sacrificed very sufficiently to delicacy, he determined, without farther consultation on the matter, to open the business to old Austin, who, being as he supposed the natural proprietor of Rosina, had, in his idea, as undoubted a right to dispose of her as of any other of his goods and chattels. In this view, without mentioning his intention to either of his confidants, he sat out in the evening, alone, for the cottage, and, according to his wish, found Austin in the garden.

"Always busy, (said Sir Gregory,) always at work, Master Austin."

"Aye, your honour, (replied Austin,) I do not eat the bread of idleness."

"So much the better, master Austin, for a bad bread it is. It is an old saying, that hunger is good sauce, and there is nothing so likely to make a man stout and hearty, and give him a good appetite, as labour and exercise."

"Your honour may say that without telling a lie, (said Austin.) But, in regard to the shrubs your honour bought of me, I think, since they have been let to lie so long in the ground, it won't be an adviseable thing to move them till towards autumn."

"Time enough, master Austin, time enough: we will settle that point hereafter.—But there is another matter you can oblige me in, for I have not done making bargains with you yet, master Austin."

"There's nothing in the garden that your honour may'nt have with all the pleasure in life, (replied



(replied Austin,) except, indeed, that rosemary-myrtle down yonder; because, why, I have but one, and I likes to keep propagating."

"He, he, he! I like your notion, master Austin.—I should have no objection to begin to propagate a little myself;—he, he, he!"

"Why, to be sure, so you may a little or so, when you get settled in your own place, (replied Austin, simply;) but, not having turned your thoughts that way when you were young, in all probability you will make no great fist of it."

"That is more than you can tell, master Austin, that is more than you can tell; he, he, he!"

"Aye, but, (said Austin,) as the saying goes, the old dog learns no tricks."

"Well, master Austin, time will shew all things; but, now we are on the subject, pray how is your pretty daughter this evening?"

"Very well, I thank your honour. She has just stepped down to Lythlymmon, to visit good Mrs. Jenkins a little."



"Well, well, no matter, we shall meet in good time, I hope. But now, master Austin, tell me truly, have you never observed nothing particular about me?"

"Particular about your honour! how particular?" said Austin, hesitating.

"Why, now, did you never think it odd that I should come here so often dawdling after these shrubs and what d'ye call ums, and suspect that I was hankering after something else?"

"Lord! (said Austin, who began to fancy his visitor had sacrificed a little too freely to Bacchus,) what should I suspect your honour of hankering after in such a poor little place as this?"

"Ah! master Austin, (said Sir Gregory, shaking his head,) as poor a place as it is, there is that in it that his majesty king George himself (God bless him!) need not be ashamed to hanker after, if he had not a wife of his own."

Austin answered this observation only with a broad stare.

"To

"To tell you the truth, (continued Sir Gregory,) the thing I mean is neither more nor less than your daughter Rosy."

"My daughter Rosy!"

"Why (pursued Sir Gregory) did you think I was such a ninny as to come here, day after day, dancing after a parcel of little insignificant twigs? —I that before now have bought thousands of pounds worth before you could turn yourself about, master Austin."

"My daughter Rosy!" repeated Austin.

"Aye, your pretty daughter Rosina; she was my inducement; — and, without going about the bush any longer, (which was a thing I never liked in my life, because why, many a good bargain has been knocked i'th'head by it,) I tell you, fairly and squarely, that I intend to marry her out of hand, and take her with me to London."

"Lord! (said Austin, rubbing his hands,) who could have thought it! I am sure I little suspected how much I was obliged to your honour."

“ I believe not, indeed, master Austin. It would have been a strange thought to enter into the head of a poor man like you ; and, for certain, it is no common thing to see a gardener's daughter made such a lady of as I shall make of your's ; for, master Austin, I am not one of your knights that is a knight only as long as he lives ; for my children and grandchildren will be knights after me, if it pleases God to give them to me : and you see that is the difference between a knight and a barren-knight, master Austin.”

“ Aye, indeed, (said Austin,) it was always easy to see that your honour was none of the pottle-a-penny fort. — My daughter Rosy ! — to be sure I can't but think of it !”

“ It is no wonder, indeed, master Austin ; no wonder you should think of it, and be rejoiced at your daughter's good fortune ; especially as she had so little right to expect a windfall of this here nature ; but, you see, nobody can see what luck is before him, and for that same reason people should never despair. Now I dare say your daughter has just as much notion of being married to me, as she has of being made a queen of.”

“ Every bit, I warrant you,” said Austin.

“ Well,

“Well, the less we expect good fortune, the more pleasanter it is when it comes. I have as good a property, master Austin, as any man need wish to be master of; lands and tenements, estates and freeholds, Bank stock and India stock, snug and safe, to the tune of fifty thousand pounds.”

“Fifty thousand pounds! (repeated Austin,) and to marry Miss Rosina! — that is, my daughter Rosy.”

“Aye, indeed, it will make the folks stare, I know that well enough, and also that some people that I could name will owe your daughter no good will on account of it. But I think it is a hard case, master Austin, if a man has not a right to dispose of his own property how he likes, without being snubbed and grumbled at by them that have no right to find fault with him, do what he may; and, besides, the more money I have myself, the less I want it with a wife.”

“That is a plain case,” said Austin.

“Then, master Austin, I have as handsome a house as a man need to set his foot into, and as well furnished; not a nail astray in it: plate and china,



linen and woollen, chairs and tables, pier glasses and dressing glasses, carpeting and bedding; nothing wanting that can be mentioned."

"Well, (said Austin,) since it is a thing that you have taken a fancy to Miss Rosina, that I must say for her, that a better tempered, nor a kinder natured —, but it is no matter, good wine needs no bush."

"If I did not know all that already, master Austin, why should I think of her in the way of matrimony, you know; and for certain, as I was saying, it must needs appear surprising that I should marry a gardener's daughter, when every one knows that I might have had my pick and choice of wives with large fortunes. There was my own intimate friend, Alderman Grumley, that offered me his only daughter, a fine young creature, not above six or seven and thirty, with ten thousand pounds to her portion."

"Ten thousand pounds! O dear, that is a deal of money indeed!" said Austin.

"Aye, a deal of money, indeed. You may well say so, now that trade is so bad, and taxes so exorbitant;



exorbitant; and I could have pocketed it with as much ease as you can pocket that there turnip in your hand, master Austin."

"I do not any wise question it," replied Austin, with an assenting wave of the head.

"But what signifies money, (resumed Sir Gregory,) if we cannot buy content with it? To acknowledge the truth, the alderman's daughter had one shoulder a little awry, and, moreover, she had the name of being a damnable scold, but whether she deserved it or not is more than I can tell."

"Well, that I can say for Miss Rosina,—for my daughter Rosy, I would say,—that her shape is as strait as a gun, and, as for her temper, Oh! you will be as happy as the day is long with her."

"Why, so I expect, master Austin, so I expect, for what else would tempt me to marry so greatly beneath myself, you know?"

"As to the matter of that, (said Austin,) I speak it under favour, but, in regard to her being a gardener's daughter, it is not altogether so great a dispa-

disparagement as a body might be apt to think for at the first going off: for, as Parson Lewis says, (and you'll allow he ought to know something of the matter,) what was the first man that God planted in Paradise but a gardener? And it is not to be supposed, that if there was any thing so menial or vulgar-like in the business of a gardener, the Lord would have given him that trade in preference to every other."

"Very true, indeed," said Sir Gregory.

"Moreover, (added Austin,) what are all the kings, and emperors, and generals, and dukes, and queens, and bishops, and other great powers and grandees, that flourish upon the face of the yearth at this present time, but shoots and scions, sprouting out, as it were, from the original stock; which original stock was Adam, the gardener, as we read it in holy writ."

"It is all very true, indeed, (replied Sir Gregory, astonished at the erudition and sagacity displayed by Austin in defence of his argument;) I wonder I never thought of this before."

"Where-

“ Wherefore, (said Austen, drawing the inference from the premises,) it is my opinion, that the occupation of a gardener is not to be despised.”

“ By no means,” replied Sir Gregory.

The dew beginning to fall, reminded Sir Gregory that it was time to retire; and having given Austen a strict injunction to acquaint his daughter with her good fortune, as she soon as should return, waddled homewards, accompanied by Austen, who listened with delighted avidity to the fine professions of the good baronet, who promised to take him out of that little shabby place as soon as he should be married to his daughter, set him on his legs again, and make a man of him.”

When they came within sight of Druid-Grove, Austen bade his friend and patron good night; and, after many hearty shakes of the hand, and divers good wishes mutually interchanged, they separated.

Austen turned his face homewards, and jogged on merrily, revolving in his mind his future happiness and consequence; for Austen did not set up  
for

for a philosopher, and pretend insensibility to the impulses of ambition, which, however it may be modified by the temperaments of the different minds it inhabits, is more or less prevalent in every human bosom.

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## C H A P. XXI.

## AUSTIN IS DISAPPOINTED.

AUSTIN, on his return, found Rosina sitting at the kitchen fire, drying her feet, which had been wet with the dews. Her handmaiden was gone to bed. Austin took a seat at the opposite side of the fire, and was deliberating in what terms to open his commission, when, raising his eyes to Rosina, he observed that her countenance was pale and dejected.

“ Poor Lewis (said Rosina, in answer to a look of enquiry that he cast at her) is very ill! I have  
been



been there this evening, and I never saw any one so greatly altered."—A tear stood in her eye as she spoke.

"Poor dear young gentleman, (said Austin,) I am truly sorry for him. But, my sweet young lady, what need you put so sorrowful a face upon the matter? Though, for sure and certain, he was a great comfort to us last winter, there's no denying that; and what with his pleasant discourse, and the fine books he used to read to us, (though, Lord help my foolish head, I could not understand one half of them; for how should I, you know, having never got no larning worth speaking of in my young days,) many a long winter's night he passed so pleasantly away, that I used to think the time too short, and be sorry when it was over."

Rosina sighed, and the drop rolled down her cheek, and trickled to her bosom.

"To say nothing (continued Austin) of his fine sermons and edifying discourses to them that were profligate, and his kind-heartedness to the sick; but if he should die ——"

"God forbid!" said Rosina.

"Marry



“ Marry God forbid, and amen, say I; but, whereàs all flesh is mortal, I only say, if he should die, he is the fitter to go to heaven out of this sinful world: wherefore you will have no reason to take on so piteously; and though, to be certain, a friend is a friend at all times, yet there’s a great difference in the loss.”

“ I don’t conceive you, Austin, (said Rosina.) I should consider the loss of such a friend as Lewis as a very severe affliction.”

“ O, no doubt, no doubt on’t; but then, if you were quite and clean in another way of life. Now, suppose a great rich gentleman was to fall in love with you, and to fetch you away out of this poor little bit of a cabin, which, for certain, is no fit place for a lady like you to live in; and buy you fine cloaths, and a coach to ride in!”

“ Austin, (said Rosina, observing that the tone of his voice had arisen by degrees, from the soft notes of pity, to the highest pitch of gaiety and exultation.) Austin, (said she, looking stedfastly in his face,) what hast thou got into thy head?”

“ O,

"O, for matter of that, if I says what I says, it isn't for nothing; I knows my own know. O, my dear young lady, (no longer able to repress his joy,) he is in love with you over head and ears!"

"Who, who?" said Rosina, hastily."

"Why, who but that great, rich, fine, kind-hearted, noble gentleman, Sir Gregory Grubton."

"Sir Gregory!" repeated Rosina, in a tone of disappointment.

When the head and heart are engrossed by one favorite object, every hint, however foreign, seems to bear a reference to it. Rosina, in her first surprise and emotion, imagined Austin alluded to some new proof which Lord Raymond had given of his passion for her.

"Sir Gregory! (repeated she;) and is he the redoubtable knight that is destined to rescue me from indigence and obscurity? Oh, Austin!"

Austin stared at her, astonished and mortified to excess at the coldness with which she received her good fortune.

"And

“ And how came you by the knowledge of this mighty secret, Austin ? ”

“ Why, from himself, to be sure. He came here to-night, while you were out, and made his proposhal to me in as handsome a manner as a body might wish to hear, and told me all about his houses and money ; and how he might have married the most beautiful young lady under the sun, a Lord Mayor’s daughter, with a matter of thirty or forty thousand pound, or thereabouts, in hard money : but he’d have nothing to do with her, and all for the love he bears to you : and, moreover, he desired me to go to him to-morrow morning, and tell him what you say, and when you are to be married.”

“ Go to him, then, to-morrow morning, as he desired you, (said Rosina,) tell him I am sensible of the honour he designed me, but should deem it an irreparable injury to consent to deprive him of the happiness he might promise himself with a lady of so much beauty, and so large a fortune.”

“ I don’t understand, I can’t remember all that, (said Austin, hesitating. But, my dear young lady,

lady, is not that as much as to say you won't have Sir Gregory?"

"Indeed, Austin, it is: and since you cannot remember my words, you must even explain it to him as well as you can in your own."

"But, my dear Miss Rosy, we should always look before we leap; and consider, if you refuse Sir Gregory, you may never have such another offer."

"Most probably I never shall," said Rosina.

"Moreover, (pursued Austin,) there's abundance of haws on the bushes, and that's a sure sign of a dear year. I am afraid the garden will turn out but poorly; I think I am likely to make no great fist of my cauliflowers: besides, I am sure the potatoes on the one side of the hill will be every one scabby; and what's worse than all the rest, there's Brownie, the dun heifer, that I was certain sure would be in profit with us at Michaelmas, is no more in calf than I am."

"That is, indeed, a serious disappointment," said Rosina.

"Then,



"Then, Farmer Hugh's old sow came down the hill here this evening, while you were away, and gobbled up no less than six of your young ducks; and Dickey, the jack-ass, has got a lameness in his hind foot."

"A most formidable catalogue of misfortunes, it must be allowed," said Rosina, smiling.

"Moreover, hay will be plaguy dear, and firing very hard to get; and if poor Parson Lewis should die, we'll lose the best feather in our cap."

"Hold, hold, Austin, (said Rosina, I cannot bear the supposition."

"Aye, indeed, we have a terrible winter before us, Lord pity us! But why, if you likes this poor beggarly bit of a place better than living in a fine house, with plenty of servants at your beck, and every thing heart can desire, to be sure you are your own mistress, and who can be your hindrance: every one to his liking, as the woman said, when she kissed her cow. It is true, Sir Gregory is a little or so stricken in years; but then he's a fine portly gentleman: and in troth, if I was a lady, I'm sure I should like him fifty to one better than  
many



many a whey-faced young spark. There's that lord that comes here with him sometimes, I'm sure and certain he'd make two of him. And, more than all, he's so much in love with you, as he said himself, or why should he disparage his family, and put all his relations in the dumps on your account. For, you know, not knowing who you are, because I was afeard you'd be angry if I told him any thing about the matter, he must needs think it a great disgrace to him to marry the daughter of such a poor man as I am."

"My dear Austen, (replied Rosina,) I respect your words so much, that I am sorry you should throw them away. But reflect, my good friend, I might still have enjoyed all those advantages, on which you lay so great a stress. I was not driven from beneath the roof of Mr. Fitzosborne: I voluntarily left it. I had all the luxuries of life, but I wanted inclination to enjoy them: my heart pointed me to a tranquil retirement; I obeyed its impulse, and found the peace for which my bosom panted beneath the shelter of this cottage.—Austen, would you sleep more sweetly on a bed of down? Would your heart be lighter, if your cloaths were made of silk?"

"I wear

“ I wear silk cloaths ! (exclaimed Austin;) well, it would become the likes of me, indeed ! O Lord, O Lord ! sure, if you were married ever so much to Sir Gregory, I never could dream of such a thing ! Would any man alive of my standing go to make such a jack-pudding of himself as that comes to ! ”

“ Would your food be sweeter to your palate, Austin, if it was served in plate ? ”

“ I eat out of silver dishes ! O dear, O dear, I don't know what can put it into your head to ask me such out-of-the-way questions, when you know that wooden platters are a thousand times fitter for me. ”

“ My dear Austin, (said Rosina,) if you fancy the rich are happier than the poor, you deceive yourself. Heaven is all good, all wise, and dispenses its bounties with an even hand to all its creatures. ”

“ It might be so, (Austin said;) to be sure she knew more of those matters than he did : but it was a hard thing to believe, that great lords and gentlesfolks, that had nothing to do but divart themselves,

themselves, wear their fine cloaths, and ride about a-visiting in their coaches, were no happier than poor labouring people, that were forced to trudge on their own stumps, and work hard to put a bit of bread in their mouths. But, as to his own part, he had no right to complain, thank God ! He was happy enough in all conscience for a poor man of his sort : he had no laborious tasks, but plenty of all manner of good things, and a stout ass to carry him. It was only on her account, whom he loved more than his own flesh and blood, that he was anywise uneasy ; for he was afeard she was beginning to grow tired of that poor way of life, because he observed she did not seem quite so gay and lightsome as she used to do ; and his heart would be broke, if she was not happy ; for, God was his witness, he would travel from one end of the kingdom to the other, on his bare feet, if it would do her any good."

The tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks as he spoke.

" My dear Austin, (said Rosina, rising hastily, and throwing her arms around the old man, whilst she mingled her tears with his,) my respectable friend, Oh, how these tears reproach me ! Let

me wipe them away. For your sake, no obtruding discontent shall overcast my serenity: neither do you indulge any melancholy forebodings. What, though our affairs should be less prosperous than we hoped, you know I have money enough. At all events, you shall be comfortably provided for during your life; and in me, you shall always find the tenderest and most affectionate daughter. But speak no more to me of Sir Gregory; for to marry him, would be to unite myself to misery."

"Oh, God forbid, then, (said Austin,) that you should have any call to him, seeing that's the case, if he was as rich again; there's no forcing folks to be happy, whether they will or not; and for my part, I'll never say another word about him as long as I live, good or bad."

Austin kept his word. But, though he refrained from any farther remonstrance, he groaned in secrecy, and retired to rest, lost in wonder at Rosina's perverseness and want of prudence, which thus dissipated his golden dreams even in their infancy.



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CHAP. XXII.

## THE BARONET FORMS A PRUDENT RESOLUTION.

**N**EXT morning, Austin met Sir Gregory according to appointment; and when he acquainted him with the ill success of his commission, the baronet's astonishment was, if possible, superior to his own.

“This is the strangest thing that ever happened to me in all my life, (said Sir Gregory;) I protest I'm so surpris'd, I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels! But I'm a-thinking you did not manage the matter rightly. Young girls are apt to be coy and shy: may be, your daughter is only playing off some of her maidenish pranks with us, Master Austin.”



" Ah, no, no, (said Austen,) the long and the short of it is, that she never will have you."

" That I can hardly believe yet a while, Master Austen."

" I wish I was as sure of twelve sacks of barley," said Austen.

" Well, well, Master Austen, for all that, I won't give out so suddenly. They say the fox never sped so well, as when he went on his own errand. At any rate, I should like to have a little dish of discourse with herself about the matter."

" *You* may, (said Austen,) but *I* never will."

" May be, she has got some young spark of a sweetheart into her head."

" Not she, indeed, (said Austen;) I can tell you, there's no one hereabouts that she'd so much as look at."

" Well, it is mighty unaccountable ! May be, you did not tell her all I desired you, what a fine  
settlement

settlement I am willing to make on her, and that she should have a coach to ride in."

"Indeed I did, (said Austin;) but she regarded it no more than if it was a wheel-barrow, in a manner. And then, I told her about the Lord Mayor of London's beautiful daughter, that was going mad to be married to you, with a matter of fifty thousand pound in her pocket."

"Fifty thousand pound! O, Master Austin, you said too much. But what did she say to that?"

"O, I might as well go fiddle my dogs to dance, (replied Austin,) as to tell her about that, or any thing else; it was all as one as talking to the wall. And yet she did say something, if I could but remember what it was."

"What was it? (said Sir Gregory.) Can't you recollect something of it?"

"Why, she said it would be a great pity for her to go to put between your honour and such a fine lady with all that money, and what her conscience would by no means allow her to do. And

she said afterwards, as much as that she would rather live in the worst bit of a cabin that could be named, than in the finest of houses with your honour."

"Humph, (said Sir Gregory,) that's very extraordinary, indeed. I thought, Master Austin, that she being so good and dutiful as you say she is, you might wind her round your finger, as it were."

"Wind her round your finger! (repeated Austin.) Aye, aye, fine talk! It's easier said than done. By my troth, she'd wind me round her finger, and your honour too, for matter of that, as easy as she'd look at us, if she took it into her head."

"Well, it was all your own fault, Master Austin: it's a bad thing for people to bring up their children to be so headstrong and mulish, as not to do every thing their parents would have them do. But, for all that, if you were to lay your positive commands on her, I dare say she would have me still."

"I would as soon thrust my head into the fire," said Austin.

"This

This conversation, which passed in the avenue, whither Sir Gregory, impatient of Austin's delay, had walked out to meet him, was interrupted by Lord Raymond and Richard, who approached them together.

"Well, my hearty old bucks, (cried Richard,) how goes it this morning? What's all this conjuration about? Isn't every thing settled yet? Consider, man, you have no time to lose; and it is treating the poor girl very ill, to be keeping her so long in suspense. Besides, my mother and the buxom widow have been haggling at me to consent to go to London to get myself polished; and I have positively refused to budge an inch, until I have danced at your wedding."

"Seeing that's the case, then, (said Austin, shaking his head,) you are likely to remain here long enough, my young master."

"What? (cried Richard,) ar'n't we to have a wedding after all? Hey, what's the meaning of all this, my old boy? Methinks you look confoundedly chop-fallen. What, has Rosy refused you?"



"You may say that," said Austin.

"Why, to be sure, (eagerly interrupted Sir Gregory, whose pride, as well as his affection, was a good deal hurt by being rejected by a person whom he considered as so greatly his inferior,) to be sure, things don't go on quite so smack-smooth as I could wish. It is not every day that one can make a bargain without a little higgling and hogging at the first going off, especially in a case of this here sort. Besides, young girls expect to be courted and dangled after; not making allowance for the other affairs of more consequence that a man may have to take up his time, which is very unreasonable of them, if they knew but all."——

"Especially (said Richard) when a man has so little time to lose as you have."

"And what's more, (continued Sir Gregory,) as I was remarking to Master Austin, they are apt to be a little or so coy and shy on these occasions."

"O, nothing but *modest maiden fear*; (said Lord Raymond;) I doubt you have been too abrupt in  
your



your declaration, and have not proceeded with the caution due to your mistress's delicacy. You know I always warned you against precipitation."

"I don't know what you may call precipitation, (returned Sir Gregory;) but I know I have been dancing after her, over hedge and ditch, every day these six weeks. You see I have hardly left myself a shoe to my foot: and the devil's in it, if that's not courtship enough for any reasonable woman! I'm sure I never went through so much in my days; what, with the length of the way, and the heat of the weather, broiling and sweltering, scratching and scrambling, puffing and blowing, it's as much as a man's life's worth."

"Come, come, (cried Richard,) let not your noble courage be cast down; faint heart never won fair lady. I'll bet five to one, she's only giving herself these skittish airs, to try what metal you are made of."

"Then you think I might speed better, if I was to speak myself?" said Sir Gregory.

"No doubt on't," cried Richard.

“Certainly, (said Lord Raymond;) yet I should think, that if you were to continue your assiduities a little longer ——”

“That’s the very worst advice you can possibly give him, (interrupted Richard;) for it’s my opinion, that, having been so long on the stand-off already, the girl concludes that he is too old and good-for-nothing to have any spunk left in him, and has resolved to have no say to him.”

“Be that matter as it may, (said Sir Gregory,) I have made up my mind upon it. I cannot keep courting at this rate any longer, if I was to get the king’s dominions for it; for, not being used to such violent exercise, it does not at all agree with my constitution; it is enough to throw a man into a fever. Besides, the weather will grow every day hotter and hotter; and I protest I’m grown as thin as a lath already, See, now, if my coat does not hang about me like a sack! So, you see, let the world wag as it will, I am resolved to go to the cottage myself this evening; and why, let the matter be on or off at a jerk; for I see no good in keeping hanging and drawing in this manner.”

“In

“ In troth, then, (said Austin,) for any good your honour will get by it, you may as well stay at home; for she’ll just let every thing you say to her in at one ear and out at the other.”

“ Well, trial is all, Master Austin, (said Sir Gregory;) trial is all,”

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## CHAP. XXIII.

### A DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

**T**HAT same evening, Sir Gregory, in pursuance of his determination, prepared for his expedition to the cottage. His well-powdered wig, which stared out around his broad red face, of which, the heat of the weather, co-operating with the agitation of his mind, had considerably heightened the usual crimson complexion, recalled to the imagination the snowy zone that surrounds

the torrid region of Mount *Ætna*. His shoes, nicely blacked and polished, were mounted with a pair of large plated buckles; and his legs lost no part of their apparent magnitude, by being encased in a pair of white silk stockings. His breeches were black velvet; his waistcoat, a sort of silken fabric, encompassed the rotundity of his body, with broad horizontal stripes of alternate brown and yellow, which gave to his trunk a strong resemblance to a large species of caterpillar, which, in the autumnal season of the year, is frequently found regaling itself on the leaves of the cabbage. His breast was ornamented with a profusion of cravat and chitterlin; and his wrists with a very large pair of ruffles. He wore a light blue coat, with very resplendant buttons; and his large three-cocked hat he poised with a graceful negligence on the back of his head. His large gold-headed cane he sometimes carried in his hand, and sometimes threw carelessly across his shoulder, to shew that he bore it only in compliance with fashion, and was not compelled to avail himself of its assistance by any deficiency of personal vigour.

When he reached the cottage, he stopped in the garden to provide his button-hole with a very elegant



gant bouquet, composed of tulips and wall-flowers. Thus equipped for conquest, he approached the parlour where Rosina sat, and introduced himself to her presence, after three preparatory taps at the door.

Although he had previously framed in his own mind an address suitable to the occasion, yet on his entrance he felt an awkward bashfulness that dissipated his ideas. He took a chair, and seated himself at the table at which Rosina sat drawing.

“ This is a fine evening, Sir Gregory,” said Rosina.

“ Yes, indeed, (returned Sir Gregory,) I must needs allow, that it is as pleasant weather as a man might desire to see, only a little too sweltry, (wiping his face as he spoke.) But, what is this that you are about now? Always doing something pretty.”

“ It is a drawing of Hope,” said Rosina.

“ Aye, so it is, indeed; and the way I know it is, because of that there ship-anchor that she has under her arm, a-leaning upon: and I suppose that they



they paint her with that anchor, to give us to understand, that without hope no one would ever go to sea."

"No one would, I believe," said Rosina.

"Aye, (said Sir Gregory,) hope's a fine thing."

"It is, indeed, (said Rosina,) the best friend of the unfortunate."

"Aye, if it was not for hope, our hearts would break, (returned Sir Gregory, with a snort, which he meant Rosina should interpret as a sigh.) I wish I could prevail on you to bestow it on me."

"Why, (replied Rosina, wilfully misunderstanding him,) if you have any particular fancy to this drawing ——"

"O, no, no, (interrupted Sir Gregory,) that's not the sort of hope I'm after. Not but I would be very much obliged to you for that same, because any thing would be welcome that came from you; and I promise you, I should think nothing of going to the expence of getting the finest gilt frame that hands could make for it; for, being so  
handsome

## ROSINA

handsome in itself, it surely well deserves it, even if it was not done by you. But after all, it is nothing but a shadow, and I am for something more substantial."

A pause of some moments ensued. Rosina, half blushing and half laughing, hung her head over her work.

"I am not one of those people, (continued Sir Gregory,) who make a great pother about things, though, may be, I may have as much kindness in my heart as my neighbours: but, having never used myself to that there sort of conversation, I am no great hand at it. I know well enough that you will get many a flashy spark that will spin you out fine speeches by the hour, though, may be, they mayn't have half so much good will at the bottom. I can neither coax nor compliment, things of that kind being quite out of my line, because I look upon it, that it is enough for swindlers and sharpers, and Irish fortune-hunters, to keep fawning and flattering, protesting and swearing, cajoling and complimenting; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it: let's see which among them will bid fairer than I do. When a man has his pockets well lined, he has his credentials about him,

him, as one may say; and it is the way with us men of business, not to keep shilly shally, but to speak to the point at once; for that's the way to expedite matters, you know."

"Undoubtedly," said Rosina.

"To be sure, (resumed the baronet,) many a man in my place would talk a deal, and make a great bother about the love he bore you, and all that; but why, I look upon that sort of talk to be quite unnecessary, seeing that the thing speaks for itself; because any one may see with half an eye, that a man must needs have no small kindness for a girl, when he is willing to marry her in her smock; more especially, when every one knows he might have a store of other good matches, if he chose them, and has where-withal to make as handsome a settlement as any woman need to wish for."

Sir Gregory paused a while for Rosina's answer; but finding her obstinate in her silence, he thus proceeded:—

"To be sure, it must be confessed, that you may think me rather a little or so in years, in  
com-

comparifon to you ; but you muft be fenfible that's no fault of mine, feeing that it was the will of God that I fhould be born into the world at leaft forty years before you ; and for that very reafon, it would be an unjuft thing to lay any blame to me upon that account. We would all be young and handsome, if we could make ourfelves ; but that being unpoiffible, why it is very finful to complain or murmur."

"Certainly," faid Rofina.

"Now, my opinion of the matter is this, (continued Sir Gregory :) You being, as it were, rather low in the world, I fhould think it would be much more comfortable for you to have a handsome houfe of your own, and every manner of conveniency about you, with a coach to ride out in every day of the week, if you have a mind to it, and plenty of fervants all running at your call, (to fay nothing of a loving husband, that would think he never did enough for you ;) but I only fay, and I fpeak it as a friend, for you know talking matters over quietly can do no harm on any fide ; but I only fay, that, every thing confidered, I fhould think you would find fuch a fort of life a deal more comfortable and convenient than living  
in



in the way you are at present. And I am sure, if my own wife was alive at this day, poor dear woman! she could vouch for me, that, during the twenty-two years we lived together, I never crossed her in nothing, nor said ill she did, but thought nothing too good for her that was to be had for money; and she might have eat gold, if she had liked it; though, Lord knows, she was no more like some people that I could name, than an apple's like an oyster. But, to be sure, that was not her fault, poor woman! and so, why should she be ill treated on account of it, you know; though, to tell the truth, for the last seven years of her life, she was so unfirm, and so sickly, that if it was not for the name of a wife, a man might have as well, nay, a great deal better, been without one; for, you know, it is no desirable thing, when a person comes at night to his own house to enjoy himself a little, after being harrassed and wearied with business, and having his head moidered with letters and accounts, cockets and day-notes, invoices and bills of lading, instead of finding a pleasant fire-side, a few sociable friends, and an agreeable wife, to divert him, to hear of nothing but achs and pains, qualms and heart-burnings, grunts and groans; and to see nothing but sorrowful looks and wry faces, pills and bolusses,



luffes, doctors and apothecaries, gallipots and nostrums. Not but such things may be very necessary, and no one is to be blamed for making use of them. However, now that it has pleased God to release the poor woman out of her pain, and to take her to himself, it would be ungrateful to repine at his holy will; and nobody can censure me for looking about me, and striving to provide myself with a pleasanter companion; and I should imagine, that you might think yourself a great deal happier to be the wife of a good responsible man, that would give his two eyes for you, (you see I only speak it as a friend,) than in living in this little shabby place with your poor old father, that, it's easy to see, is only just struggling and striving to keep his head above water."

Sir Gregory having exhausted all the topics of persuasion which, at this period, occurred to his recollection, made a full stop. Rosina was somewhat embarrassed; yet fearing, lest he should interpret her silence into consent, she felt herself necessitated to reply.

"I commissioned my father, Sir Gregory, (said she,) to acquaint you with my determination on this subject."

"Why,

"Why, to say the truth, so he did, (returned the baronet;) but then, I was in hopes you would think better of this matter when you had a little more time; for, let a body be never so clever, it is morally impossible for them to see all the ins and outs of an affair at the first glance; therefore people says second thoughts are best: and, besides, I have been told, that in these matters a man should never be cast down by a denial or two, them things being very much in the course of courtship."

"Indeed, Sir Gregory, (said Rosina,) if I could have accepted your addresses, I would not have refused them through affectation."

"Could have accepted! (repeated Sir Gregory.) I can't see any impediment, except your not chusing to have me."

"Well, (said Rosina, smiling,) and need there be a stronger?"

"Aye, but it is very odd, though!" said Sir Gregory.

"You

“ You are surpris'd (said Rosina) that I should prefer this cottage to the convenient and elegant mansion of which you wish to make me the mistress.”

“ It is, to be sure, a little or so surpris'ing, (said Sir Gregory;) and if you were but to walk with me over my house, from the top to the bottom of it, I am inclin'd to think you would change your mind.”

“ Indeed, I should not, Sir Gregory, (said Rosina.) I have been accus'tomed to habitations very different from this; but ———”

“ Aye, but (interrupted Sir Gregory, eagerly) you might go into a thousand houses, and not find such a complete and clever one as mine; back-stairs and front-stairs, parlours and drawing-rooms, bed-chambers and dressing-rooms, servants' garrets and store-rooms; and then every thing below so compact and so comfortable,—laundry and pantries, coal-vaults and wine-cellar, larders and kitchens, stew-holes and boilers, with a charming coach-house and stables, and a delightful back-yard, where you have as good air, in a manner, as you have in these mountains. It is, indeed,

as complete as hands can make it; and the devil thank it, I was made to pay through the nose for it: and I must say, that the furniture is not one bit behind hand with it."

"Well, but (said Rosina,) I am perfectly contented with this cottage, and wish not to exchange it for any other residence, at least for the present."

"My state drawing-room (said Sir Gregory, looking round him as he spoke) is thirty-two feet by twenty-five."

"But I find this little parlour large enough for me," said Rosina.

"Why, this little parlour is snug and decent enough in its own way, (replied Sir Gregory;) but it is no more to be compared to the rooms in my house than chalk is to cheese. I wish you were to see the ornaments of stucco, and the capital India hangings."

"Perhaps I am as well pleased with my own hangings," said Rosina, pointing to the intermingled foliage of the vines and passion-trees that hung in luxuriant festoons across the windows.

"O,



“O, indeed, (said Sir Gregory,) they are pretty enough for so long as they last. This is certainly a handsome little spot enough for the summer months; but I’m sure it must needs be a heart-breaking place in the winter season, when all them there high mountains are covered with snow. Sure, when there’s a heavy fall of it, I have often heard of whole families being buried alive in it; and I am sure, you and your father stand as fair a chance of being smothered up in this way as any people I know; for if there should happen to blow a high northerly wind, I don’t know what there is to prevent it from sweeping down all the snow from that great precipice behind the house, plump upon your heads; and there you might stay till you were starved to death with cold and hunger; for, being strangers in these here parts, and having neither friends nor relations, there would be nobody to trouble their heads to come and dig you out, if you were to stay there till doomsday.”

“Well, (said Rosina, who could not forbear laughing at the bugbear her lover had thus ingeniously conjured up to terrify her into compliance with his wishes,) well, Sir, you know death is a debt we must all pay; and, whether a little



little sooner or a little later, the consequence is not material."

"Aye, (said Sir Gregory,) it is easy to make fine arguments, and to talk of these matters with a deal of indifferency, so long as they are at a distance; but when it comes to the push, I am very apt to think you won't find it altogether so pleasant, to be perishing to death in that unchristian-like manner; for they say, that to be starved to death is the disagreeablest thing that one can well imagine; and we have heard of people out at sea, that have been known to gnaw even the flesh off their own bones for very hunger. Nay; have not folks even killed and eat one another, Lord preserve us! I would not put frightful thoughts into your head. But, fore-warned, fore-armed; that great strapping Welsh wench of your's looks as if she had an excellent appetite; and when people are reduced to extremity, there's no accounting for what they may do."

Rosina could not refrain from laughing immoderately at this insinuation.

"Now, I cannot, for the soul of me, find out (said Sir Gregory, in great surprise,) what there

is so very laughable in the thought of being killed and eaten! But they say mocking is catching. God send I may be a false prophet; but I am very apt to believe, that if it should come to pass with you, I think you would be apt to wish yourself in a good warm house, safe and snug, with roaring fires in every room, covered from top to bottom with good carpetting, Turkey and Wilton, and plenty of the best victuals that are to be had for love or money in the London markets; fish and flesh, boiled and roasted, baked and stewed, tame fowl and wild fowl."

"Probably I should," said Rosina.

"Well then, (continued Sir Gregory, softening his voice, leaning towards Rosina, and laying his hand on her knee,) isn't it better for you to let me persuade you to give me leave to put you out of the power of such shocking casualties? How you draw back now! I protest one would think I was a toad! I'm sure I can't contrive what I have done to you, to make you have so great a dislike to me."

"Sir Gregory, (said Rosina,) you mistake the point; I have no dislike to you: on the contrary,

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I truly

I truly esteem you, and very sincerely wish your happiness: but something more is requisite; I must love the man whom I marry. I thank you for the preference you have given me; but I wish you had bestowed your attachment on some woman who could return it: I never can. I hope I have been sufficiently explicit; and I must insist that this application may be the last. So now, if you please, we will go into the garden, for I see Lord Raymond and Mr. Richard Evelyn with my father."

Without waiting for an answer, she arose and led the way.

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 C H A P. XXIV.

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 COURTSHIP IN A DIFFERENT STYLE.
 

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Lost to all truth in feigning to be true!

**I**MPATIENT to learn the result of an interview which was finally to decide the fate of the baronet's pretensions, Lord Raymond and Richard had followed him to the cottage, and had awaited in the garden the conclusion of the conference in which they knew he had been engaged with Rosina.

“O, ho, (cried Richard, who soon read in Sir Gregory’s countenance the event of his ill-starred passion,) methinks our old lover looks like a dog that has lost his ears. Deuce take the baggage!

L 2

I wish



I wish she had kept him on a little longer, that we might have had some more fun with him."

Whilst he drew Sir Gregory aside, to engage him to repeat his conversation with Rosina, she, in the meantime, entertained Lord Raymond with the divers arguments employed by the good baronet to persuade her to consent to his wishes. The weather was warm; they approached the house, and entered the parlour, just as Rosina had finished her recital. The drawing which Rosina had been finishing, still lay on the table.

"And this is the drawing, (said Lord Raymond, taking it up,) which Sir Gregory promised to put himself to the expence of decorating with a gorgeous frame. No, no, Rosina, (continued he, smiling,) you must not let him have it. I have no inclination to embrue my hands in the blood of this ancient enamorado of your's; yet I confess I should be strongly tempted to cut the throat of any man to whom you should give hope."

Rosina endeavoured to smile at this gallantry, whilst her blushes betrayed her consciousness.

"Will



"Will you give it to me, Rosina?" said Lord Raymond, earnestly taking her hand as he spoke.

"Oh, no, (said Rosina, in still greater confusion,) you know I have already promised it to Sir Gregory; and if he should return to ask for it ———."

"He will think no more of it, (said Lord Raymond.) Yet ought I to desire so dangerous a gift! For why should I flatter myself against conviction! Why nourish in my bosom a smiling deceiver that must stab its peace."

He looked earnestly at Rosina, and enjoyed her blushes and embarrassment. Just then the door suddenly opened, and Richard bolted abruptly into the room.

"So, (said he,) you are very snug here tete-a-tete. Faith, I am beginning to smell a rat, (continued he, observing the confusion visible in the countenance of Rosina, and the chagrin which this interruption had occasioned him in that of Lord Raymond.) Aye, aye, I see how it is. Some folks have a pretty knack at making cat's paws of others. You are a good body to help the lame

dog over the stile, I find. You were very kind, coming here, helping Sir Gregory to court every day. But have a care of him, my good girl:—fair words butter no parsnips; and, for all his fine speeches that he is so ready-witted with, I believe there is more loyalty and sincerity in the baronet's little finger, than in his Lordship's whole carcase."

Richard had often before attempted to tease Lord Raymond; but he had hitherto parried the attacks of his little mischievous adversary with so much ease and good-humour, that, believing him to be invulnerable, he usually forebore to cast his arrows at a person who possessed the art of making them recoil on himself. But truths, so home, and to which the purposes of his heart bore testimony, for once threw his Lordship off his guard; and the rage and vexation which enflamed his countenance, convinced our little Crookback of his advantage, and determined him to pursue it.

"Between two fools, (continued he, addressing himself to Rosina,) you know what comes to the ground. You may think it is a fine thing to have a Lord coming dangling after you here every day; and I suppose you take every word he says for gospel: but it is all a mere humbug; for I'll tell you

you plainly and squarely, that he is to be married the minute he gets to London to a little ugly ferret-eyed devil, with a hump upon her back, or something in that way: but what does he value that, when she's to bring him the devil and all of money."

"This uncontrolled impertinence!" exclaimed Lord Raymond; then suddenly recollecting, that, with such an adversary, either menaces or expostulations would but expose him to new ridicule, he stopped abruptly, though he could not refrain from evincing his wrath by many threatening and indignant glances.

"Oh, ho, (said Richard,) I think I have found the knack at last of putting your Lordship into a fret and fume! Now, that's the very thing that convinces me I am not out in my politics; for, if it was nothing but a jest, you would laugh at me as you used to do: but you are in a fury with me, because I want to put a spoke in your wheel, without ever considering that you are driving off to the devil as fast as you can. If you have a regard for the girl, and have a mind to do things genteelly, why don't you come, heart in hand, and offer her marriage at once, like Sir Gregory,

treat us with a merry meeting, and let us have a dance at the wedding; and old Squaretoes, your father, will dance, too, though, I believe, it will be for rage; and Sir Gregory will dance with vexation; and old Austin, your father-in-law, will dance with joy; and so we shall have all the old coppers a-spinning about like so many whirligigs."

Rosina, to hide her confusion, seated herself at the table; and taking her drawing, attempted to retouch it, whilst the violent tremor of her hand discovered the agitation it was so strongly her wish to conceal. It was not her modesty alone that suffered; the idea that Lord Raymond was on the point of being united to another woman, gave a deep and cruel wound to her heart. She felt the justice of Richard's observation, and was convinced, that if his intelligence had been without foundation, Lord Raymond would not have appeared so strongly affected at its repetition.

"You are a strange genius, (said Lord Raymond, whose policy, struggling with his resentment affected to turn the conversation to a jest,) surely some demon, an enemy to the repose of mankind, turned you loose on society, for the purpose of tormenting it. As you are ten times more  
mischievous



mischievous than a baboon, you ought to be chained up like one.—But what have you done with Sir Gregory?”

“O, that’s what I just ran in to tell you about, replied Richard;) he told me in doleful dumps that it was all over with him, and that he was resolved to go off to London immediately. “Courage, my old buck, (says I,) if one won’t, another will: never balk your fancy to matrimony on that account.”—“Aye, (says Sir Gregory,) there’s as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Come what may, I am resolved not to live three months longer in this uncomfortable sort of way. If my friend the alderman’s daughter is still on hand, I’ll go strike a bargain for her directly; for, though she is neither so young nor so handsome as some people, yet she has ten thousand pounds to her portion, and there’s some consolation in that.”—And don’t you think so, too, my Lord?”

“Undoubtedly, (said Lord Raymond;) I acknowledge there may be a great deal.”

“Aye, but, (replied Richard, with an arch wink at Rosina,) I dare say your mistress has more  
L 5 than



than five times that sum; for such a little, ugly, deformed toad, as by all accounts she is, must carry a damned weight of metal in her pockets, or she never could have sunk to the bottom of your heart. What the devil do you mean to do with her? Why, man, you'll be ashamed to be seen in her company, except at a masquerade."

Lord Raymond's countenance again lowered, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his displeasure.

"What the plague do you want with more money? (continued Richard.) Has not that old curmudgenly father of your's enough of it for you in all conscience. Now, would it not be better for you to marry some pretty young girl that you could love and like, than to go sell yourself to that little frightful forcerefs, that, by all accounts, is as ugly as the devil's dam! And what will you do with the purchase-money when you get it? Why, buy fine houses, and pictures, and coaches, and them sort of things, as if such sort of trumpery could make a man happier than having a good wife. I wish from my soul that you may catch a Tartar, and that my little Lady Hunchback

Hunchback may turn out a greater shrew than Xantippe. But I see you are getting on your grim looks again, so I'll bid you good bye. I must run after Sir Gregory, or may be, I may find him dangling from some weeping willow. Good bye, little Rosy, (turning to look at her as he reached the door;) don't be angry at any thing I have said to you; may be I may bear you as much good will as he that speaks you fairer: only be warned by a friend, and have a care of people that carry two faces under a hood."

He made his exit as he launched this Parthian arrow, of which Lord Raymond failed not to feel the keenness. But, ever attentive to his own interests, and no less acute to discern, than dexterous to adopt the measures best calculated to promote them, he instantly began to revolve the means to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he found himself involved by the ungovernable and mischievous loquacity of our little Crookback. Nor was he at any loss to divine the channel through which the latter had derived his knowledge of his affairs, as he had lately observed that a tender, confidential amity had taken place between him and Mr. Frizle, or Frizel, (for the

name was variously pronounced,) his lordship's valet de chambre. This gentleman, who, according to the laudable custom established by rule amongst the members of his respectable fraternity, had never failed to apply his ear to the key-hole, when any particular conversation had occurred between the Earl and his son, was become complete master of all their secret operations, and particularly of the designed alliance between Lord Raymond and Lady Elinor, which, in gratitude for certain favours, he scrupled not to confide to Richard; not in the least controlling his natural eloquence in the descant on the lady's personal perfections, annexed by him to his intelligence.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XXV.MORE COURTSHIP.

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Oh, what authority, and shew of truth,  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

SHAKESPEARE.

**F**OR some minutes, Lord Raymond walked about the room in a disorder which he had no need to counterfeit, whilst Rosina, pale and agitated, hung over her drawing.

“ You are perhaps surprised, Miss Mortimer, (said he, approaching her as he spoke,) that I have never yet mentioned to you an engagement which accident has thus disclosed to your knowledge: but is it wonderful that we should avoid the repetition of subjects which we cannot reflect on without



without anguish ! Yet, perhaps, whilst I too sedulously concealed my sentiments on some subjects, on others I too incautiously betrayed them. But the suppression of improper feelings, however necessary the duty, requires an exertion of self-command, so painful, that if they sometimes break the reins of reason, surely the transgression is venial. It is possible I should do better, were I still to adhere to the rules I had laid down for myself, and persevere in my silence, whatever it might cost me : but, tortured as I am, with the conflicts of opposite principles, is it too great an indulgence, if I entreat you to receive my confidence, and allow myself to supplicate the soft solace of pity, where honour forbids me to solicit a return of tenderness ! Be but my friend, then, (continued he, approaching her with an air of tenderness,) I require no sonder title, because, situated as I am at present, I dare not. Receive my confidence, and sooth me with your sympathy."

Rosina, abashed, distressed, mortified at the emotion which it was past her power to conquer, and apprehensive, lest by speaking she should render it still more evident, turned from Lord Raymond, and continued silent.

"My



“My impatient anguish at the toils in which I find myself entangled, (continued Lord Raymond,) is augmented by the conviction that my difficulties have originated in my own irresolution, —my own blind and blameable submission to the caprice of a father, who, himself a slave to ambition, has, from my infancy, endeavoured to bind my ductile mind to the same chain. And wherefore should I palliate my errors? My young bosom caught the fire he sought to inspire it with, and glowed with emulative pride, and a vain desire of distinction.”

“Last winter, an alliance was projected between Lady Elinor Lesley, daughter of the Duke of B——, and me. I acknowledge I was dazzled by the splendor of this connexion, and distinctions the most seductive; even the prospect of a foreign embassy, was held out to allure me to consent to it. Had Lady Elinor been merely indifferent to me, I should have acceded without repugnance, nay, even with pleasure, to this union; but, unamiable in person, and contemptible in understanding, she was the object of my supreme antipathy: yet I blush whilst I acknowledge my weakness. Instigated by the vain ambition of superiority, and over-awed by the commands of a parent, whose  
in-

injunctions I had ever been accustomed to hold sacred, I promised my consent to his wishes; but he had little reason to triumph in a victory which threatened to deprive him of his only son! The conflicts I suffered occasioned the severe illness which was so near proving fatal to my life. For the re-establishment of my health, I was ordered to this place. Unhappy prescription! unfortunate journey! The health I have recovered has been dearly purchased with the total destruction of my bosom peace. But the evil is irremediable: my father forced me to write to Lady Elinor before I left London. Hateful injunction! Heaven only knows with what reluctant aversion it was fulfilled. And now, what is to be done? Speak, my sweet Rosina; my lovely friend, assist me with your counsel."

"What counsel, my Lord? (said Rosina, with some impatience, still bending over her work, and struggling with her emotion, as she spoke,) where there is but one road to take, and that, too, so plain a one, there can be little danger of your missing it."

"You advise me, then, to marry Lady Elinor?"

Cer-

"Certainly, my Lord."

"O, cruel girl! (traversing the room in an agitation half counterfeited, and half real.) What, to unite myself to torture, lasting as my existence! To betroth my faith to one woman, whilst my whole soul is devoted to another! Is this the counsel I expected from your friendship; the consolation I promised myself from your sympathy!"

"My Lord, (said Rosina, coldly,) I promised you neither sympathy nor friendship. I had no desire for this communication: you forced it on me. It is highly improper: pray let it end here."

"O, how unfeeling! (exclaimed Lord Raymond, really hurt to find that Rosina had strength of mind to assume this calmness, which he well knew was but dissembled.) Have you sensibility for every one but me? Will you even reject my confidence, and refuse me your compassion? How have I merited this harshness? I acknowledge my conduct has been blameable; but, though faulty, has it been inexcusable? Shall those who have been blessed with the advantages of a happy and judicious education, blot the lovely grace of charity from the fair catalogue of their virtues; and, without

without adverting to the difference of situation, the force of influence, and the prevalence of temptation, afford neither compassion nor indulgence to the wanderings of passions, undisciplined by salutary restraint, and of reason unenlightened by early instruction. As well, Rosina, as well might you expect to meet the elegance of the European courtier in the manners of the untutored savage, as to find the tender purity of your own sentiments, and the unperverted rectitude of your own judgment, in the characters of men who have been graduated in the school of the world, and imbibed from their infancy its pernicious maxims."

Rosina felt the justice of these arguments; and her candour acknowledged the force of the appeal that was addressed to it.

"I feel the innate light of reason (continued Lord Raymond) struggling to pierce the mists of prejudice; but its ray is still wavering and dubious. To you, my esteemed and lovely friend, I would apply, to guide my mind through this bewildering maze of perplexity and error, and point out to my judgment the path I ought to tread."

"To



“ To me ! (said Rosina, in great perturbation.) Oh, why this appeal to me on a subject on which your own feelings and your own judgment can alone instruct you to decide with propriety ? ”

“ Can you then advise and wish me to marry Lady Elinor ? ”

“ I don't know. I believe so. Is not your promise given, your honour engaged ? How then can you avoid it ? ”

“ When I engaged myself to Lady Elinor, the rest of her sex were alike indifferent to me. Tell me, then, which is most incompatible with honour,—the breach of an engagement lightly entered into, or the profanation of a sacred ceremony, and the guilt of voluntary and premeditated perjury ? ”

“ O, (said Rosina,) why are those questions addressed to a person so little capable of replying to them ? ”

“ Amidst this perturbation of my passions, this uncertainty of my soul, (replied Lord Raymond,)  
to



to whom should I apply for consolation and advice, but to her who has occasioned this distressing tumult! Rosina, had we never met, I should still have been at peace."

"Would to Heaven we had not!" said Rosina.

"I, too, ought to join in that cruel wish; yet I cannot. But my destiny is not yet irrevocably fixed: it yet may change its colour. Rosina, (continued he, catching her hand, and ardently gazing in her face, as if to read his answer in her countenance,) Rosina, do you love me?"

Thrown off her guard by the unexpected abruptness of the question, Rosina turned from him, and burst into tears. He dropped on his knees beside her, and would have soothed her with the fondest professions; but, mortified to excess, provoked at her own weakness, and irritated at his indelicacy, she angrily repulsed him; and, hiding her face in her handkerchief, arose and quitted the room without speaking.

Lord Raymond, knowing that it would be vain to expect her return immediately, left the cottage,  
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perfectly satisfied with the event of the conference, and no longer regretting that Richard had divulged the secret of his intended marriage, which he knew it would be impossible to conceal much longer from the knowledge of Rosina.

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## CHAP. XXVI.

### A BRIGHT EXPEDIENT.

**S**ECURE of a powerful interest in Rosina's heart, and relying on his own talents for artifice and dissimulation, Lord Raymond no longer doubted that he should bend her to his wishes; but he foresaw that his advances must be slow: and he was exceedingly embarrassed by the letters he received from his father, acquainting him with Lady Elinor's return to London, and pressing him to hasten his departure from Wales, where he had already outstaid his allotted time. In this perplexity, his invention, put to the rack, supplied him

him with a project which he instantly determined to embrace; a project, as black as the corrupted heart of its inventor.

On his arrival at Druid-Grove, he found the family assembled in the drawing-room.

“ So, (cried Richard,) you have found the way home before it is quite dark. For my part, I think you are all bewitched with that girl, young and old; she has set you all agog. I’d lay a good bet you would find your way to the cottage if you were blind-folded.”

Instead of listening to this raillery with his accustomed good-humour, Lord Raymond turned angrily to Richard, and desired that he might restrain the intemperance of his tongue, as his indulging himself in any licentious strictures on his conduct, might be attended with more disagreeable consequences than he perhaps imagined.

“ Oh, ho, (said Richard,) we all see where the shoe pinches. Faith, if you run restive, I’ll find a way to punish you; for the minute I get to London, I’ll put off to old Squaretoes, and let him know the fine rig you are running here, driving

ving night and day like wild-fire, through the bogs and mountains, after a rustic wench of a gardener's daughter, instead of going home, like a dutiful son, to marry the nice little she-ape, all hung round with money-bags, that he has provided to keep your back warm. Now, for once in your life, tell truth and shame the devil, — Would not you rather marry little Rosy with twenty thousand pounds, than my Lady Pug with forty?"

"I have at present no inclination to marry any one, (replied Raymond.) It is not to be supposed that a man can form matrimonial designs on every woman that he thinks beautiful."

"Matrimonial designs! (repeated Richard.) Faith, I am afraid you will never form any designs half so good on poor Rosy: but I think what I said to her this evening, will put her on her guard against your manœuvres."

"Your admonitions are likely to produce great effect! (said Lord Raymond, with a contemptuous sneer.) However, (continued he, raising his voice to the most authoritative tone,) I insist, that for the future you will never interfere in any circumstance



stance that relates to me. And I further desire that you may never more mention that person's name in my presence, nor presume, on any account whatever, to follow me to the cottage."

He quitted the room as he spoke, leaving the company lost in astonishment."

"So, (said Mrs. Grubton, who first broke silence, with a malignant sneer,) you see what our fine cottage heroine turns out to be at last. But I saw what sort of a wretch she was at the first glance. I shall think the better of my own penetration whilst I live. I really think I have an instinctive antipathy to such sort of creatures."

"I believe you have, indeed, (said Richard,) to all creatures that are young and handsome. I wonder what the devil put it into any man's head to think of you. There was a most capital old maid spoiled when you were married. You are so envious and spiteful, that you would have out-scratched, out-bit, and out-catterwauced all the rest of the society, and been unanimously elected Lady President of the tabby sisterhood."

"For



"For my particular part, (said Sir Gregory,) I don't know what folks are driving at. I never heard any one say any hurt of the girl; and if they did, too, she's not the first that has been belied out of spite, nor won't be the last."

"Indeed, (said Mrs. Evelyn,) I never knew any thing in her conduct to justify censure, though much to entitle her to commendation."

"Nothing to justify censure, Madam! (exclaimed Mrs. Grubton.) Did you not notice the expressions Lord Raymond dropped in respect to her; and the strange peculiarity of his manner when Mr. Richard jested with him about her?"

"I did, indeed, (replied Mrs. Evelyn,) observe the peculiarity you mention; but a little caprice in his Lordship's temper supplies no evidence of that young person's culpability. And, perhaps, all that is extraordinary in the affair, is, that he should have so long preserved the general equality of his humour, when it has been so frequently put to the test, by a teasing and tiresome impertinence that few would have submitted to with so much patience."

“ It is for certain (observed Sir Gregory) the most disagreeable thing in the world to be plagued and worried out of one’s life with gibes and jeers and scoffs and sneers, world without end; and what’s enough to put the best humouredest person a little out of the way sometimes.

Thus discouraged by Mrs. Evelyn, Mrs. Grub-ton refrained from indulging her malignity, at least for the present, by any farther animadversion on the subject of Rosina’s supposed misconduct.

It will not be imagined that Lord Raymond, in the above conversation, could have acted so inconsistently with his accustomed circumspection, as to have suffered himself to be betrayed by the inadvertence of passion, into the warmth with which he had expressed himself in respect to Rosina. On the contrary, that warmth was in itself artificial, and assumed to facilitate the new plan of operation which he had marked out for himself. The exigence of his situation required some decisive stroke. He saw that he must very shortly either renounce Rosina, or persuade her to accompany him to London. On the former he could not resolve; and though many obstacles obstructed the execution of the latter scheme, they appeared not insuperable.

able: By rendering her present residence hateful to her, he fancied he should find no great difficulty in inducing her to change it; and by masking his designs under the specious appearance of a fraternal regard to her happiness and honour, he doubted not being able to influence her choice in respect to another dwelling. Conscious of the quickness of her feelings, and her impatience of contempt and indignity, he determined to avail himself of that sensibility to effect her destruction, and to drive her from her present retreat, by contriving to bait her with insult and derision, and poisoning the repose of her bosom with the venom of calumny. In this intent he resolved to throw aside the caution with which he had hitherto concealed his partiality, and to give himself the first insidious stab to her reputation; well assured, that the eager hand of malevolence would snatch the dagger when he laid it down, and repeat the wounds until they became mortal.

## CHAP. XXVII.

## HIS PLAN SUCCEEDS.

**W**HILST the dark breast of the seducer revolved this guilty project, how different were the reflections of the unsuspecting and innocent Rosina. Left to the indulgence of her feelings, she shed a torrent of tears; but the bitterness of her sensations was alleviated by the confirmation of Lord Raymond's tenderness.

“ Yet, why (said she) this satisfaction at an attachment, which, situated as he is, can be productive of nothing but mutual affliction! Is not his faith engaged to another? But that engagement is not yet indissoluble. He said his destiny might yet be changed. Ah, it must, it will! Will not the tenderness he avowedly cherishes for



me render his repugnance to that union totally unsurmountable; a repugnance, which was so nearly fatal to his life, even when his heart was free from any other prepossession. Yet, do I not infringe on the rights of Lady Elinor? But what right can she possess to the heart of Lord Raymond, when, perhaps equally averse to this union with himself, her breast disgusted with his want of tenderness, revolts against the sordid and interested treaty, and will be rejoiced to be liberated from fetters which have been imposed by the austerity of paternal influence. But at all events, it will be prudent to decline seeing Lord Raymond again until he has freed himself from this engagement. Yet will not my forbidding his visits be a tacit avowal of his power over my heart? He must imagine that I feel him to be formidable indeed, if I fear to encounter his presence. No,—instead of avoiding him, I will meet him as usual; and, by the firmness of my conduct, retrieve the ground I have lost in his esteem.”

This idea over-ruled the suggestions of her reason; and the weakness of her heart found an advocate in its pride.

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The



The next morning, Lord Raymond, who, consistently with his new plans, entirely divested himself of his former timid caution, visited her alone. As she expected this interview, she was prepared for it. He found her in the garden with Austin, assisting him to tie up some carnations. He asked her to walk with him, but she complained of fatigue.

“ I see, (said he, when Austin removed to a little distance,) I see you are determined to mortify me. I have much to say to you, and you deny me an opportunity of speaking to you.”

“ I have already heard too much, my Lord, (said Rosina;) for the future we must have no private conversation.”

“ How cruel and provoking ! (returned Lord Raymond.) You know I adore you, and therefore you tyrannize.”

“ These professions are insulting, (returned Rosina, with spirit,) from a man who is affianced to another woman.”

“ Affianced

“ Affianced to another, (repeated Lord Raymond,) aye, there lies the sting ! Yet say, Rosina, were I to break this engagement, would you promise to be mine ?”

“ I will make no conditional promises, (said Rosina :) the question is an unfair one. Let us never more resume this subject, at least not until ——— But now I must not listen to it.”

She arose, and approached so near to Austin, that it was impossible for Lord Raymond to address a sentence to her, without being overheard by the old man. However, the deceiver discovered the consciousness of her own weakness in this timid reserve, and became every hour more secure of his conquest.

In the evening he went again to the cottage, but she retired to her chamber, and sent him an apology for not seeing him. He, however, stood two hours under her window, conversing with Austin. It was dark when he reached home. He found the family waiting supper for him, and he joined them with an air of animation and gaiety which was calculated to impress them with an idea that he had passed the evening much more agreeably

ably than he had really done. When the attendants were withdrawn after supper, he seemed to fall into a reverie; and abruptly starting from it, turned to Sir Gregory, and enquired of him, whether he could inform him of any small genteel house that was to be let in the environs of London?

"Is it for yourself you have occasion for it, my Lord?" said Sir Gregory.

"No, not immediately for myself, (returned he, with some hesitation;) it is for a friend, whom I should wish to have agreeably accommodated. However, I should not desire to go to any very considerable expence; that is, I have reason to imagine my friend would not approve it."

"Well, send your friend to me, (said Sir Gregory,) and it is ten to one but I can match his pattern; for I have a relation that has a neat box to let in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, snug and pretty, neat and compact as one would desire to see. Is your friend a single man?"

"It is for a single person I want it, (replied Lord Raymond, smiling;) but I doubt my friend will think that situation rather too public."

"Why,

"Why, for certain (said Sir Gregory) "if he is an elderly gentleman, and given to sedateness, he might be apt to think that there neighbourhood rather somewhat gayish for him."

"My friend, though neither an elderly gentleman, nor much given to sedateness, (replied Lord Raymond, still smiling) "is an admirer of solitude, and would prefer a retired situation."

"Faith, then, (said Sir Gregory) "if he is addicted to solitude, and loves to keep himself quiet, I don't see what business he has to fix himself near London; for what with the bustle and the hurry, the waggons and the carts, the hawkers and the porters, the drays and the coaches, it is the noisiest place under the sun; and a body can hardly hear their own ears in it. Now I think it would be better for you to fix him, whoever he is, in some little house among these here mountains, where, seeing that he has such a likeing to retirement, he might take his fill of it, without having any thing in life to disturb him in his fancy."

"Perhaps, (said Mrs. Grubton, with one of her malicious sneers) "his Lordship's friend has already made that experiment."

M 5

"Aye,



“ Aye, now I know well enough what you mean, (cried Richard, who awed by the assumed resentment of Lord Raymond, and the private documents he had received from his mother, had hitherto with great difficulty restrained himself from making any strictures on the conversation) “ let you alone for picking a hole in your neighbour’s coat. Lord Raymond can’t talk of taking a house for a friend, but your wicked imagination must immediately clap a certain person into it. I wish with all my heart, that scandal was made felony by the law; for it is very hard that you should be punished for maiming and defacing the carcase of your neighbour, and suffered to gash and mangle his reputation without any restriction.”

“ I am really quite at a loss to conceive the meaning of these insinuation, Mr. Richard.”

“ O— are you so—you are become as innocent as a two year old devil on a sudden. But I believe every one here knows that it was poor Rosy you were hinting at.”

“ As I am a living man, (said Sir Gregory with great surprise) “ this is the first time that I heard her name mentioned to night !”

“ What’s



"What's that to the purpose, (cried Richard) you have ears and you hear not; it never was your gift to see an inch beyond your nose."

"I thought (said Lord Raymond, turning angrily to Richard) that I had positively desired you never more to mention that person's name in my presence."

"And pray who are you (cried Richard) that pretend to order and direct people what they are to say. If I spoke of the girl, I said no hurt of her. You may think yourself a great officer, because you are a Lord, forsooth; but I never knew that peerage conferred the privilege of sewing up people's mouths. Gad-a-mercy!"

"Why to be sure (said Sir Gregory) one would not suppose it was a treasonable thing to name any person's name in a civil way; even if it was his Majesty's,—God blefs him!"

"Besides (added Richard) I don't see what the girl is to you, more than to any one else, that you need get your back up so the minute she is spoken of. One would think that you were striving to make folks believe that there is more between you

than there is, which, as I am told, is no uncommon practice with gallants of your kidney; but this I know, that if you are brewing any mischief against that poor innocent girl, you will pay for it where there are no coals to be sold."

Lord Raymond looked extremely displeased, yet seeming to struggle with his resentment. "I think (said he, turning to him with a forced smile) that as it would be a more than herculean labour to stop the current of your impertinence, the wisest way will be to let it flow on uncontrolled."

This conversation was so well calculated to inspire the suspicion it was designed to infuse, that even Mrs. Evelyn's candor began to yield to appearances so strong; and though she still hoped that Rosina was not guilty, she had scarcely a doubt that Lord Raymond wished to render her so.

Sir Gregory, according to custom, withdrew early; Mrs. Grubton and her two daughters retired immediately afterwards, impatient to discuss this new evidence of Rosina's guilt; for Miss Eleonora's tender friendship for Rosina, whom she now regarded in the light of a rival, was suddenly converted into a violent antipathy, and when in the retirement

retirement of their own apartment, they opened all at once, without restriction or mercy; she even exceeded her mother and sister in the envenomed virulence of her revilings.

Lord Raymond, meantime, found himself alone with Mrs. Evelyn; he pulled out his watch, and remarking that the ladies had withdrawn earlier than usual, bid her good night, and would have retired, but she entreated him to indulge her a little longer with his company, he resumed his seat.

“ I wish to speak to you (said she with an embarrassed smile) on a subject on which I sincerely hope expostulation may be unnecessary. If it should, your candour will excuse my zeal—if it should not, the voice of truth may yet recall you to yourself, and I shall enjoy the heartfelt satisfaction of stopping in the career of licentiousness, the son of a beloved and only sister.”

“ My dear madam (returned Lord Raymond, with a gay air) I can guess from this exordium, the nature of the discourse that is to follow it; but you have too much good sense not to be conscious, that the cold dictates of reason supply but a weak  
and

and frivolous barrier, when opposed to the headstrong impetuosity of youthful passion."

"You refuse then even to listen to reason," said Mrs. Evelyn.

"Passion, my good aunt, (replied he) is a deaf devil: like the adder, it refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, and you may as well go preach to the fishes, like St. Anthony of Padua."

"Then you do not disavow your designs!" said Mrs. Evelyn.

"I disavow nothing—I have no designs which are not consistent with my ideas of morality. It has ever been my opinion, that in some peculiar situations, our laws ought to tolerate bigamy. My father has allotted me a mate of his own choosing, and duty, you know, obliges to comply with his commands—but when her deformity is such, as entirely to preclude affection, am I to be censured for suffering my heart to turn to a more amiable object, and chuse itself a consort, with whom it can share its tenderness!"

"This



"This casuistry is so weak and superficial, (said Mrs. Evelyn) that,"——

"Such as it is, (interrupted Lord Raymond, laughing) it will answer my purpose as well as more substantial reasoning: the judgment is seldom inaccessible to conviction, where the heart is the advocate; for though it is not the best rhetorician in the world, it is certainly an excellent orator."

"But, (said Mrs. Evelyn) if you have no scruples on your own account, can you reflect, without horror, on the misery in which your licentiousness may involve its unhappy victim; and the depravity and guilt which may debase an innocent bosom, whose only fault is, perhaps a weak partiality for its betrayer."

"My dear madam, (returned Lord Raymond) you cannot reasonably expect that I should afford that consideration to the spiritual welfare of another, which I refuse to my own. On this subject, much as you may have to say, and well as you may be qualified to speak it, nothing can be added to what has been already advanced by others. If it were possible to hunt any vice out of society, by the  
mere



mere dint of declamation, this of seduction would long since have been ashamed to shew its face in it; yet we see it still keeps its ground, and will probably maintain it, as long as your sex is weak, and ours is wilful; and indeed it seems difficult to believe there can be any very great guilt in what is so very natural."

"My Lord, my Lord, such a subject requires to be treated with more seriousness. Heaven gave you reason to lead you in the way of rectitude, but perverting this choicest gift of your Almighty benefactor, you set it up as a false light to misguide the steps, and ensnare the virtue of others. The hour may come, when you may bitterly bewail this unhappy misapplication of your talents."

"Well, madam, should that hour of wailing and lamentation ever arrive, it will come too soon, and you will acknowledge there is no wisdom in the anticipation of evil."

"Oh, my Lord, this is vile sophistry! I wish I could persuade you to be serious."

"My dear madam, I make it a general rule, never to be serious, when I can possibly avoid it:

it

it is the worst thing in the world for the health and spirits. I sincerely thank you for your well intended admonition; but considering the difference of age, of sex, and of education, it is not wonderful that my sentiments, on some subjects, should be more liberal than yours."

"More liberal! say rather more profligate!" said Mrs. Evelyn.

"Well, we'll not dispute about terms—Such as my morals are, I am too well content with them, to take the trouble of furnishing myself with a new set of your recommendation, and would therefore entreat you not to waste your zeal for the conversion of sinners, on so unpromising and impracticable a subject."

He took a light as he spoke, and retired, leaving Mrs. Evelyn shocked and astonished at the dissoluteness of his principles, and the hardened degeneracy of his heart, which she saw with sorrow was incorrigible.

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## CHAP. XXVIII.

### THE ARTIFICE OF A SEDUCER.

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So oft he told the well imagin'd tale,  
 So oft he swore, how should he not prevail.

MISS MOORE.

**F**OR some days Rosina adhered to her resolution, and either entirely shunned Lord Raymond, or carefully avoided giving him any opportunity of addressing her in private. He did not, however, on this account, discontinue his visits, of which the length and frequency gave her great uneasiness; but as she could not prevail on herself even to wish to extinguish a passion, which she regarded as the ground-work of all her future felicity, she feared to irritate him by entirely prohibiting

biting them ; and she found in his society so great an indulgence to her own feelings, that she became every hour less capable of treating him with the severity which her judgment sometimes dictated was requisite.

Meantime Mrs. Grubton and her daughters rejoiced to find Sir Gregory released from an attachment which had occasioned them so much vexation, prepared for their journey, and no longer found any difficulty in persuading Sir Gregory to accompany them to Bath : but before their departure, they so industriously disseminated their tales of scandal, that before the expiration of three days, Rosina was herself almost the only person in the neighbourhood, unconscious of her disgrace.

Mrs. Evelyn had with much difficulty persuaded Richard to consent to go to an academy near London, and induced him to promise to remain there for six months. Lord Raymond had always promised to accompany him in this journey, but as he still delayed his departure on frivolous pretences, Richard, who of late was less partial to his Lordship than he had formerly been, declared he would waste no more of his time waiting for him, and fixed a very early day for his departure.

On



On the day preceeding that which Richard had fixed for his journey, Lord Raymond had been at the cottage, but Rosina, under pretence of being engaged in writing, had refused him admittance. In the evening after it was dark, she sat alone in her little parlour; she leaned on a table on which a light was burning, her thoughts full of Lord Raymond, and anxiously ruminating on the perplexing uncertainty of her destiny; the door suddenly opened, and he entered the room. He perceived in Rosina's countenance her surprise and displeasure, at so unseasonable a visit.

“ I have already anticipated (said he, advancing hastily towards her) the reproaches I see you are preparing to make me.”

“ Indeed (said Rosina) this intrusion, so contrary to my repeated desire,”—

“ Spare your remonstrances I entreat you, (interrupted he) my time to stay must be short—if I have a little over-stepped the line of that scrupulous punctilio, in which you keep yourself insconced, as if in a magic circle, the transgression is the more pardonable, as it originates in your own severity. I have got a letter from my father, in which he presses



presses my return more earnestly than ever; Richard Evelyn is to set off to-morrow morning; and I must write an answer to-night to send by him. In respect to that answer I am come to consult you."

"To consult me! oh my Lord!" said Rosina, in great agitation.—

"Rosina, this is not an hour for trifling—this conference must decide my destiny. Rosina, do you really possess all the nobleness of mind which your sentiments and manners proclaim; can you generously disdain the dissingenuous artifice of your sex? Can you think with liberality, and act with resolution."

"I don't know, (said Rosina, shocked and hesitating) these are strange questions! what do they lead to?"

"To a subject momentous, perhaps, to the happiness of both—to mine, at least decisive. You must yourself bear me witness, that I struggled with my passion; that instead of availing myself of the artful sedulities which other men might have employed to induce a return to it, I smothered it in  
secret

secret whilst it was practicable ; but, unconscious of your power and my own weakness, I thought without crime or folly I might indulge myself in the dangerous gratification of cultivating your esteem, whilst reason pointed out to me the impropriety of aspiring to your affection.

“ Reason may still then,” said Rosina.

“ O mention that term no more, (interrupted Lord Raymond) reason and I are at variance, never to be reconciled ; passion, tumultuous and unruly, has broken through her feeble restraints ; I love you, Rosina, even to adoration—but on what can I determine, whilst you leave me in this cruel uncertainty ? if your heart is not interested in my destiny, whatever may be my fate, I am indifferent to it. Shackled, pinioned as I am by the force of filial obligation—my honour too engaged—when I have no longer a choice of my own, why should I oppose the inclinations of my father ; if destined to be miserable myself, I may as well make him happy.”

Thus urged by importunity, ensnared by artifice, and deluded by a specious shew of reason, Rosina forgot all the prudential maxims she had  
laid

laid down for her own conduct, and Lord Raymond extorted from her a full confession of her tendernefs.

“ It would be my ambition and my glory (said he) to lay my fortune at your feet, and exalt you to a sphere of life as distinguished as your beauty and your virtues, but subjected as I am to the caprice of a tyrannic father, if I venture to propose a medium to you, at which your too scrupulous delicacy may at first be startled, though my measures may be rejected, shall not my presumption be pardoned.”

This measure, which was in reality her removal from Wales, Rosina fondly imagined to be a private marriage; and though she instantly determined to refuse her consent to such a medium, it appeared a proof so incontrovertible of the generous attachment of her lover, that it inspired her at once with the most lively joy, and the most animated tendernefs.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. XXIX.

### UNEXPECTED VISITORS AT THE COTTAGE.

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Love's rising ray, and youth's seductive dye,  
Glow'd on her cheek, and sparkled in her eye.

“**I** Am sorry, (continued Lord Raymond) to be obliged to enter on a subject that must give you pain; for however supporting and consoling may be the consciousness of innocence, even the slightest imputation of misconduct must be painful to a sensible and delicate mind.”

Whilst Rosina began to listen to this prelude with a strongly interested curiosity, Lord Raymond was interrupted by the sound of several voices in the garden, which, by their nearness to the house, proclaimed



proclaimed the approach of the persons who spoke. He had scarcely time to start from Rosina, and seat himself on the opposite side of the table, when Austin burst into the room in a transport of joy, and exclaimed, "See who we've here!—see who we've here!"

Rosina raised her eyes in all the eagerness of expectation, and with inexpressible surprise, beheld Mr. Hume, followed by a young stranger of a very elegant appearance, whom she did not recollect having ever seen before.

"I am afraid, Miss Mortimer, (said Mr. Hume, advancing gaily towards her as she arose in excessive confusion) I am afraid you will not be easily prevailed on to pardon this intrusion; but if there is any blame in the affair, it belongs to this gentleman, whose impatience to see you would admit of no delay. I wanted him to defer this visit 'till the morning."

Rosina raised her eyes in great surprise to the stranger, but they instantly fell beneath his earnest and penetrating glances. She had never, perhaps, 'till that moment, appeared so exquisitely lovely; her dress was a chemise of white muslin; she had

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thrown off her hat ; she wore no cap, and her beautiful hair hung in shining curls about her face and bosom ; her eyes sparkled with the irradiation of tenderness, and her cheeks glowed with blushes of timid sensibility.

“ Since you are so very forgetful of your old acquaintances, madam, (said Mr. Hume) I think I ought to be indebted to you for your recollection of me ; pray favour this gentleman with a second glance, and tell us whether you can remember having ever seen him before.”

Rosina again raised her eyes, and as they were met by those of the stranger, a confused recollection arose in her mind.

“ At least, (said the young gentleman, with an air of chagrin) where forgetfulness is voluntary, there is the less room for regret : she who shuns—who flies her friends—can scarcely be supposed even to wish to remember them.”

“ It is he ! (said Rosina, roused to instant recollection by the sound of his voice—and flying to him

him with open arms) it is he! it is Hector Fitzosborne."

He drew back at her approach, and coldly bowing, took a seat; Rosina astonished, mortified and dismayed at this chilling repulse, returned pale and trembling to her own.

"Upon my word, madam (said Mr. Hume, looking around him as he spoke) I cannot cease to admire your taste in the selection of a residence. No arcadian shepherds need wish to build her cottage in a more romantically sequestered vale; all surrounded by woods and mountains, and covered with wood-bines and jessamines, whose branches amourously intertwined, present to the imagination such delightful symbols of mutual tenderness. But you were ever a votarist of solitude, and though you formerly refused to suffer me to assist you in your devotions, if report and appearances are to be believed, all my sex have not found you equally obdurate."

He glanced his eye satirically at Lord Raymond as he finished this ironical speech. Rosina was so stunned and confounded, so distressed at young Fitzosborne's unkindness, and so embarrassed by an

event so unexpected as the arrival of such visitors, that far from attempting to reply to Mr. Hume, she had attended so little to his words, that she scarcely understood their import.

For some minutes a general silence ensued. Fitzosborne at length broke it.

“ I ought to apologize, madam, (said he, addressing Rosina with an air of coldness and constraint) for having thus intruded on your privacy without previous intimation ; but the shortness of my time, and my eagerness to execute, to the satisfaction of my mother, the commission she has devolved on me, allows me but little leisure to sacrifice to etequette.”

“ Your mother ! (cried Rosina) O sir ! it was then Mrs. Fitzosborne that ——— and is she informed of my retreat ?”

“ She is, madam, and had her health permitted it, would have accompanied me in this excursion.”

“ Her health—good heaven ! is she then ill, sir ?”

“ She

“ She is far from being well, madam; her health, I believe, was delicate and declining when you left Ireland, and there is little reason to suppose it could have been greatly improved by the desertion of a person who was so dear to her, and to whose tender attention she perhaps imagined she had some title. Sorrow and anxiety are not in general very friendly to the constitution.”

Every word that was spoken by Fitzosborne, penetrated to the soul of Rosina, and wrung it with anguish. She felt all the bitterness of the reproaches he addressed to her; she even fancied she merited them.

“ But, (continued Fitzosborne) the benevolence which originates not in caprice, but in principle, is not easily alienated: you were bequeathed to her protection by a beloved and expiring friend, and her soul still reveres the sacredness of the devolution. I come commissioned by her authority to offer you a more eligible asylum than this which you have chosen for yourself. However, neither my mother nor myself arrogate any right to control your decision; for my own part, I have only to request, that it may be speedy. I



must go hence to-morrow; it lies in your breast whether you will accompany me or not."

"To-morrow," repeated Rosina, faintly; her eyes met Lord Raymond's, she read in his countenance all the impatience and agitation of his mind; they silently supplicated her not to consent to this abrupt removal.

"You must be conscious, sir, (said she, endeavouring to recover her composure) that it would be highly inconvenient—that I must have many motives for deferring my departure—for a short time, at least."

"None, I should imagine, madam, of consequence to be opposed to the wishes of my mother, if you really desire to return to her. Any arrangements that it may be necessary to have made in this place after your departure, may be trusted with great propriety to the discretion of Austin; but I am only deputed to learn your determination, not authorized to force it."

"I will, (said Rosina hesitating) I will certainly return to Ireland, since Mrs. Fitzosborne wishes  
it—



it—but to-morrow!—I cannot see the necessity for such precipitation!”

“Indeed it appears highly unreasonable, (said Mr. Hume, addressing young Fitzosborne. “How can you answer for the fond attachments Miss Mortimer may have contracted in this part of the world; the tender ties that may bind her to this solitary and sentimental retreat.”

The conversation was in this place interrupted by a loud knock at the outside door, and a voice that exclaimed, “Who’s within—is there any one here?” Rosina started in inexpressible consternation, for she immediately recollected the tones of her old persecutor Nettleby, who entered the room presently afterwards, exclaiming, “Fine usage! you have served me prettily indeed, to give me the slip in this manner, though you knew I had ordered supper at nine o’clock; there have I been kept waiting and waiting—and there I might have waited ’till doomsday, for ought either of you cared, though you know I am half dead with fatigue, and my bones are almost dislocated with being rumbled over these cursed mountains. But bad as I am, I determined to ferrit your haunts, and find out what scheme you are upon. Heaven and earth! (exclaimed

ed he just then, recognizing Austin, who had respectfully retired to one corner of the room, where he had stood with his eyes rivetted with delight and wonder on young Fitzosborne, towards whom his bowels tenderly yearned, and whom he most ardently wished might be able to persuade Rosina to accompany him to Ireland.) Heaven defend me! does my sight deceive me," (cried the old gentleman, rubbing his eyes) or is this the old villain that run away with the girl from Fitzosborne's!"

"As to being a villain (returned Austin) under favour, it is a hard word to give to a man that never wrong'd nobody to the value of that;) snapping his fingers, (and as to running away, I did not take nothing with me that was not my own honest earnings, except, indeed Miss Rosina; and for matter of that, it was she that took me with her: but your honour was always pleased to be a little or so foul mouthed with a body, not I'm sure that ever I deserved nothing of that sort from your honour."

"Lord defend and keep me, (cried Nettleby, now first perceiving Rosina, who sat almost petrified with vexation and astonishment) can I believe my eyes—is that the girl herself I see yonder, (running

ning up to Rosina, and peering in her face,) so madam you are found at last, after all your fine achievements ! Aye, no wonder for you to quake and tremble ! you'll be made an example of—my fine dishevelled magdelene, you shall have a comfortable establishment in the asylum—better than you deserve !”

“ Mr. Nettleby,” (said Fitzosborne, angrily) I came here the deputed guardian and protector of Miss Mortimer, and I will not suffer her to be insulted !”

“ Insult a fiddlestick ! (cried the old gentleman) great fuss you keep with a run-away jilt, that ought to be——Hey day ! espying Lord Raymond, whose vexation almost equalled Rosina's—who else have we got here ! if I am not mistaken, I had the honour of seeing that physiognomy not many months since, at the house of your precious accomplice, Mrs. Gobetween's, in Grafton-Street. Yet no—let me see, I don't think, on closer inspection, (putting his glass to his eye and peeping full in Lord Raymond's face, whilst he sat almost bursting with indignation) I believe I was mistaken—you I suppose are some more novel paramour ; pray, sweet-scented sir, may I crave the honour of your name.”

“ Old man (said Lord Raymond, fiercely) you are impertinent, the knowledge of my name is of no consequence to you.”

“ Why in truth (returned Nettleby) I believe your reasons for wishing to conceal it, are rather more cogent than mine for desiring to know it.”

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## CHAP. XXX.

### ANOTHER VISITOR ARRIVES.

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Ready in gibes, quick answer'd, saucy,  
And as quarrelous as the weazle.

SHAKESPEARE.

**J**UST then a loud hallooing in the garden proclaimed the arrival of Richard, whose voice, the herald of his approach, was generally distinguishable at least for some minutes before his person was visible.



“ So, my Lord, (cried he, rushing into the room) I have found you out. Here have I been rummaging the hills and mountains these two hours for you; but I guessed where I should find you at last. Formerly you were only here in the day time, but now you are here day and night I think.”

This speech, so corroborating to the suspicions which she perceived the appearance of Lord Raymond had already excited in the minds of her visitors, struck Rosina with such consternation, that her face varied alternately, from a glowing crimson to a ghastly paleness. Richard, mean time perceiving the company, stared around him for some moments in silence; then pulling off his hat, and scratching his head, he strode over to the most obscure corner of the room, and squatted himself on a seat.

“ So (cried Nettleby, with a satirical grin) we have got into high company here—we have no less than two Lords among us I find!” reconnoitring Richard’s hump back through his glass as he spoke.

“ If you have got into high company, (grumbled Richard, who though he often jested with his own infirmity, was not much pleased when stran-



gers took the same liberty with him) if you have got into high company, it is easy to see by your manners that it is more than you have been used to."

"I think you are answered sir," said Mr. Hume to Nettleby, laughing as he spoke.

"Aye, (resumed Richard) although I have a bunch upon my shoulders, I have a tongue within my head to give every body a rowland for his oliver. People might find some other anvil to keep cracking their jokes on, besides my hump back; as high as it is, it does not take up so much room in the world, nor stand so much in folks' way, but that they might pass it by civilly."

"You are a silly, ill-bred, ignorant jackanapes! (replied Nettleby) in my time an elderly man might indulge himself in a joke without incurring such impertinent freedom of speech. But all distinctions are levelled now o'days—there's no respect paid to years."

"As much as they deserve; (returned Richard) I don't know what the devil you old fellows mean by always keeping harping on your years—and  
your

your years, as if you were to be set up and worshipped like pagods, because you have lost the use of your eyes, and have never a tooth in your heads; that your hides are stretched like shrivelled parchment over your bare bones, and your old noddles go shaking about like Indian mandarines. It would be easy for people to get their teeth drawn, and their eyes pegged out, if that was all that was necessary to entitle them to respect."

"The whole tenour of your discourse, (replied Nettleby) evidences you to be no less ignorant than reprobate. All nations have concurred in giving honourable testimonies of esteem to age and wisdom. We read in Homer, that when the venerable Nestor."—

"O that's a horse of another colour, (interrupted Richard) as to wisdom it may be a good thing any day in the year, either for young or old; but I don't see that your old coggers, with all their fine pretensions, they are a bit wiser than their young neighbours. What the devil are they good for in general, except to hoard up money for their young heirs to spend. Now I think you have very much the air, with that piss-burnt wig, and threadbare coat of yours, of an old curmudgeon, that  
thinks

thinks of nothing but cramming his money bags, and hiding them in holes and corners; not considering that your successors will be impatient to give them an airing the minute the breath's out of your carcases."

"How can you tell any thing about my money bags, you young prodigal imp, (cried Nettleby) I believe, for my part, you deal with the devil! but I suppose you have met my servants somewhere, and have been picking out of them. Ah the damn'd rascals! there's no keeping any thing from their knowledge!"

"O then I have hit the right nail on the head; (cried Richard, determined to indulge his natural mischievous propensities, by amusing himself with the foible which his sagacity had penetrated) Aye, and may be I could tell you more than that if I pleased; for if the devil I deal with tells truth, there's a plot hatched against you. You need not be surpris'd at finding yourself robbed of all your treasure some morning, and left as poor as Job, and as naked as Lazarus."

"I don't doubt it, (cried Nettleby) I don't in the least doubt it! It is what I have long expected, considering

considering the infernal gang of servants I have in my house, it's a wonder it never happened sooner!"

"Oh, as to the servants, I don't say any thing about them (said Richard) some folks are as deep in the mud as others are in the mire."

"What folks do you mean! (cried Nettleby in an agony) if by any accident, to me inconceivable, you have acquired the knowledge of a conspiracy that is meditated against me, I conjure you, as you shall answer for it in the other world, to give me what insight you can into this hell-fire piece of business!"

"Not I by my conscience (said Richard) I can keep my mind to myself, like the pigs, as well as another; much good may do the poor lads with what they can get out of you. To tell you the truth, I think it is a meritorious action to fleece such a good for nothing old hunk; and if I was in the way, I should not matter bearing a bob in the business myself."

"Oh you incorrigible young villain! to tell me to my face that you would not matter robbing me!"

"Not



“ Not a rush (returned Richard) now in the name of common sense, what is it to you who has the possession of your money, when you have not spirit enough to spend it yourself. If you hoard up a parcel of guineas, with a resolution never to change one of them as long as you live, would not a set of old musty horse-beans answer your purpose every whit as well. Yet this is what you call your wisdom and experience, and would have people bow down before you, and worship you for; as if there was any merit in running about the world for sixty or seventy years, without doing a farthing's worth of good to yourself, or any one else; griping and grasping, like an old harpy, at every thing that comes in your way; and squeezing and grinding the very marrow out of any poor devil that you happen to hook into your clutches. And after all, what the devil good's in this money that you all keep tearing the world, and one another for; like a set of voracious blood hounds!”

“ What good is there in money! (returned Nettleby) would any man in his senses ask such a question. Is not money the first mover, the life and soul of every thing; and, all casualties and contingencies considered, I see no business people have



have in the world without it, except to go hang themselves."

"No, no (said Richard) we that are poor, are too little burdened with the cares of the world, to take such a desperate method of ridding ourselves of them; we'll leave that comfortable expedient for you to have recourse to, the morning after you find yourself disburdened of your superfluous cash, by those jolly dogs I was telling you about."

"Jolly dogs! (exclaimed Nettleby, in a violent fury) to the devil with you and your jolly dogs! I tell you, you little diabolical compound of malice and deformity, I tell you that from this hour I will never sleep with more than a single solitary six-pence under my roof; and any one who burglariously forces a passage into my house, will get nothing for his pains but a halter: and so you may inform your jolly dogs."

"The more fool you, (returned Richard) that's the most impolitic thing you can do in the world, for they'll be so disappointed and enraged, at not finding the expected prey, that, as sure as you are a living man, they'll cut your throat out of malice and revenge. Now if you take my advice, you will

will always keep a fop for Cerberus at hand, and never go to bed at night without a good round sum of money under your pillow, to put the brave boys in good humour."

"Put them in good humour! the hell-fire villains! put them in good humour with a good round sum of my money! I would as lieve let them cut my throat at once!"

"And indeed, (returned Richard) on second thoughts, it will be a great deal better for you that they should, for it will save you the trouble of dying a natural death one of these days, of the gout, or stone, or asthma, or some other disorder that in all probability will be a deal more painful and disagreeable. There's nothing at all in having a body's throat cut, as soon as it is over. I dare say they would dispatch your business in a twinkling: you can't imagine how dexterous those clever shavers are at operations of this kind; for practice makes perfect, you know. I hope, however, they may take good sharp knives with them, for it must be the most disagreeable thing in the world to be hacked and hewed and mangled with blunt instruments; that's the worst of it."

"The

“ The worst of it ! (exclaimed Nettleby) I’ll have you taken up on suspicion immediately ! I call you all to witness the words he has spoken. In all the course of my long practice, I never met with such a hardened young reprobate—such shameless and intrepid villainy. He talks of murdering me with as little compunction as if I was some reptile, noxious to mankind.”

“ And what else is a miser, (cried Richard) but a greedy leech, that sucks the blood of society, and hoards up the nourishment that ought to circulate through the veins of the body politic !”

“ Whatever little property I have amassed during my life, will be disseminated at my death,” said Nettleby.

“ The devil thank you for that, (returned Richard) the devil a penny of your pelf would ever cross the hands of your heirs, if you could take it with you to the other world. But the dearest friends must part ; you must leave your dearly beloved money bags behind you in spite of your teeth. That same throat-cutting business will be a damned good job for your young heirs ; O what glee they’ll be in when they come to visit you the next morning

ing, and find you stretch'd out there at a great rate, without a word in your jaw ; all weltering in your own blood, with your weazon slit from ear to ear ! I warrant you, once they get you down, they'll put a good heavy stone over your grave to keep you there."

" I don't doubt it (cried Nettleby, in an agony) I don't doubt it ! You are certainly possessed of a spirit of divination ; and where could such a little diabolical hobgoblin acquire it, but from the devil himself ! But I'll disappoint them, for I'll leave every farthing I am possessed off to charitable uses. I'll take care of my own soul at least !"

" Much good that will do your poor soul, to be sure ! (said Richard) Now, are you such an old blockhead, as to expect to get any thanks in the other world, for giving money when it can no longer be of any use to you ? It would be a fine story if people could purchase a seat in heaven at their death, with the pelf they have been iniquitously scrambling for all the days of their lives. No, no, there's no bribery or corruption in that quarter : if you have a mind to secure a good snug birth for your soul hereafter, you must make hay while the sun shines ; empty out your old musty money bags, cloath



clothe the naked, and feed the hungry; give portions to young girls and get them good husbands; and strive to mend and darn up the wear and tear of your old tatter'd soul with as many patches of good works, as the shortness of your time will allow you to clap on it."

"Young gentleman, (said Mr. Hume, who though exceedingly amused with the former part of Richard's contest with his uncle, by no means relished the advice he had bestowed on him latterly) you carry the jest too far; you may be called upon to give a more serious explanation of the insinuations you have thrown out, than it may suit your inclination to answer."

"Faith, with all my heart, (cried Richard) I am ready to declare upon oath, when properly called upon, all that I know of the aforesaid bloody confederacy: in the mean-time I would advise the old gentleman to keep a strict eye on his throttle and his money bags. But my lord, you forget that my mother is waiting supper for us all this time. There was a hare, with a pudding in its belly, put on the spit before I came out, and faith, that's better game to hunt after, than such an old badger as this. So let us start fair."



Richard, whose frequent custom it was thus to extricate himself, by the nimbleness of his heels, from the difficulties in which he found himself involved, by the licentiousness of his tongue, flew out of the house, whooping and hallowing with such vociferation, that the surrounding mountains reverberated his cries. Nettleby, who was exasperated almost to a frenzy of rage and horror, flew after him, calling to his servants, whom he had left waiting outside the house, to pursue and secure him; but Richard, who

“knew each lane, and every alley green,  
“Dingle and bushy dell, of that wild vale,”

led them after him by the light of the moon, sometimes shewing himself to them at a little distance, at others, hallooing to them from amongst the bushes, until, like will-o’-the-wisp, he got them entangled in a forest above a mile distant, and leaving them there to find their way out of it as well as they might; not satisfied with the disturbance he had already excited, returned home to contrive fresh mischief. The old gentleman had at first joined in the pursuit, but finding himself unable to continue it, he had returned to his inn.

6 MA 65

END OF VOL. III.

Just Published,  
**S O M E R S E T,**  
OR THE  
DANGERS OF GREATNESS,  
*A TALE,*  
*FOUNDED UPON HISTORIC TRUTHS.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just :  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEAR'S RICH. III.

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M DCC XCII.

Just Published,  
**BELLEVILLE LODGE,**  
  
A NOVEL,  
  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Let perjur'd slaves dull verse to flatt'ry fit,  
And pow'r reward the prostituted wit;  
The gen'rous bosom dares with scorn behold  
Corruption's baseness tho' enshrin'd with gold:  
Who, steel'd to ill, the cause of right defends,  
Is snatch'd at once to gild corruption's ends.

6 MAY 65

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